

THE LIVING AGE.

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Single Copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

"AS A LITTLE CHILD."

I cannot undecieve
A little child,
When he would all things beautiful
believe,
By grace beguiled.

I cannot cloud with doubt
His simple faith,
Howe'er my own have tacked and
veered about,
And taken scathe.

I cannot say to such,
"These streets of gold,
And gates of pearl that open to the
touch,
Are fictions old,

"All sadly out of date,
In our wise age;
Likewise those wonders wrought by
heroes great,
On Israel's stage.

"And Bunyan's pilgrims, too,
You must infer
But rank, for all they were a goodly
crew,
With Gulliver."

I cannot even chide
His comments quaint,
Knowing that angels would not them
deride,
Nor crown'd saint.

Nay, while he prattles on,
I only sigh,
"For half his faith to fight my battles
on,
Gladly I'd die."

M. D.

LOW-MOON LAND.

I often look when the moon is low
Thro' that other window on the wall.
At a land all beautiful under snow,
Blotted with shadows that come and
go
When the winds rise up and fall.
And the form of a beautiful maid
In the white silence stands,
And beckons me with her hands.

And when the cares of the day are
laid,
Like sacred things, in the mart away,
I dream of the low-moon land, and the
maid
Who will not weary of waiting, or
jade
Of calling to me for aye.
And I would go if I knew the sea
That lips the shore where the moon is
low,
For a longing is on me that will not
go.

F. E. Ledwidge.

The Saturday Review.

BLUE FLOWERS.

I go to gather in the woods for you
The wild flowers that are blue . . .
Petals to match the color of your eyes!

None but blue blossoms will I take,
yet see
How sweetly tempting me
The fruit trees swing their scented
treasuries.

And how the buttercups and daisies
dance
To meet my dazzled glance!
But gold and silver, Sweet, are naught
to you.

And so let others rob God's gardens. .
. . shake
The stars down for your sake—
I bring you but the wild flowers that
are blue!

Olive Custance.

A SONG.

The world is young to-day:
Forget the gods are old,
Forget the years of gold
When all the months were May.

A little flower of Love
Is ours, without a root,
Without the end of fruit,
Yet—take the scent thereof:

There may be hope above,
There may be rest beneath;
We see them not, but Death
Is palpable—and Love.

Digby Dolben.

THE FUTURE OF JAPAN.

"The old order changeth." Not once alone, in her island-story, has Japan suffered transformation. It was a sea-change that the guns of Kagoshima and of Shimonoseki inaugurated fifty years ago, in the sequel of Perry's historic parley with the Tycoon of Yedo. Hardly less profound was the transforming influence of the Manchurian War, when Japan first taught the East to confront in arms the o'erleaping West. But there is no reason to believe that the evolutionary process is, for Japan, at an end. Dai Nippon is once more passing through the fire of shifting circumstance that her work may be tried, of what sort it is. Great changes are on foot in the national life and character; and the effects of these upon the national policy, like coming events, cast their shadows before.

The succession of the era of Tai-sho to that of Meiji implies something more than a case of *Le Roi est mort: vive le Roi*. Mutsuhito, Imperial link between the Old Japan and the New, has indeed been gathered to his fathers. But the statesmen-makers of the New Japan have also been reduced by the Reaper to a feeble few. And to join, on "the other side," the assembled shades of the faithful retainers of Meiji Tenno, from Ito and Okubo to Nogri, is slowly but surely passing another ghostly form—the spirit of Old Japan.

Of the changes which distinguished the bygone era, not a few, imposed upon the nation from without, were the products of *force majeure*. Others, also from extraneous sources, the Japanese deemed it advisable to adopt in the interests of national advancement or of self-defence. All these Japan may be said to have put on like so many garments and, were she so

minded, she could, with no great difficulty, divest herself of them. But the revolution now afoot in the Island Empire differs in kind from all that have gone before. It is one of thought and outlook and character. In part, no doubt—like much beside in Japanese life—it may have been officially inspired; but none the less it is a national movement. The Japanese people are revising their articles of faith, and the effect of this spiritual regeneration upon their future growth and policy cannot but be profound.

To no man living, outside of the nation itself, is the Japanese character an open book. Even so sympathetic an observer as Lafcadio Hearn, who may be said to have devoted, *con amore*, a lifetime to its study, confessed in the end that the Japanese mind remained to him an enigma. No doubt the difficulty of arriving at a true estimate is increased by the fact that even the sympathetic investigator soon finds himself up against the dead wall of Oriental inscrutability. At times of national crisis the success with which the Japanese people have concealed their feelings from the outside world has been remarked by foreigners resident in their midst. Some observers maintain that this national dissimulation is dictated solely by considerations of expediency; but influential Japanese have been known to declare, in moments of candor, that ability to don the mask constitutes a useful, as well as a fundamental, trait of the national character.

Whether this taciturnity be studied or instinctive, it has not prevented the recognition of certain outstanding characteristics as having played a decisive part in the moulding of the national life. Seeing that the Japan-

ese character is now in a state of flux, it will be pertinent to inquire to what extent the ancient springs of action are being supplanted by others new and strange.

Loyalty to the throne, with its supernatural or deistic side, and the practice of ancestor-worship, closely allied therewith, have always ranked high among the motives of the Japanese polity. To these, exalting, as they do, the kindred ideals of the family and the State, and inculcated as they have been from the earliest years, may justly be attributed such achievements of the Japanese people as have called for self-sacrificing patriotism, courage in the field and a disregard of death approaching the sublime. Nevertheless, the fact remains that intercourse with the West, the consequent growth of the democratic idea and the framing of legal codes on the basis of the individual rather than on that of the family are weakening these fundamental principles of Japanese life. Perhaps no more convincing evidence of this tendency could be adduced than the efforts of the late Katsura Ministry to counteract it by making ancestor-worship at the nearest Shinto shrine compulsory in every elementary school throughout the Empire—a proceeding objected to by Christian and other propagandists as an infringement of that clause of the Constitution which guarantees freedom of religious belief and practice. The spread of Socialistic doctrines in recent years—a process which, if secret, is none the less substantial—has also reacted unfavorably on the old and sedulously preserved conception of the kingly state. Such a plot as that against the life of Mutsuhito two years ago would have been unthinkable in the Japan of a generation back. There is no product of Occidental civilization which the Japanese authorities view with greater apprehension

or whose manifestations they visit with greater severity; but, despite heroic measures of repression, the Socialist cancer spreads.

Pari passu with this loss of reverential regard for the Sovereign—and, perhaps, in some measure accounting for it—there has to be recorded a perceptible diminution of the religious sense. The State religion, Shinto, takes no account of futurity, and offers, therefore, but little attraction for a people who believe that the summit of their greatness has yet to be reached. Buddhism, on the other hand, which does take thought for the morrow, flourishes chiefly among the lower classes, where it is looked upon rather as securing for its devotees successful harvests, deliverance from sickness and other like material benefits in this life. Christianity—*pace* numerous missionaries of sects almost as numerous who preach it—makes little headway, and a conference of missionary bodies was recently summoned for the purpose of inquiring into the causes of its apparent failure. Adverse forces, making more or less directly for irreligion, are also at work; and such predilections as the Japanese may possess for religion of any kind are being stifled by the dissemination of atheism in the less ugly guise of "rationalism." The alarming vogue of suicide—especially among the student class—may not unjustly be attributed to the spiritual confusion and darkness in which the whole nation walks.

That this grave change has been recognized by the most paternal of governments, and has been recognized as a change for the worse, is shown by the official attempt within the past twelve months to establish a new, composite and generally acceptable religion. Though the attempt failed, the mere fact that it was made is eloquent. Thinking Japanese perceive

that something is wanting in the national life; and with a *naïveté* which has its pathetic side they looked to an artificially constructed religion to make good the deficiency. Perhaps the secret of the failure lay here: that the new amalgam of creeds was viewed frankly as a means to material ends—such as the avoidance of conflicts between capital and labor; the promotion of the “interests of the community” and the “welfare of the State”—a far cry indeed from the ideal of Him who bade would-be disciples leave all and follow Him.

If Japanese officialdom, in its efforts for the spiritual betterment of the nation, cannot keep the material out of its purview, no more can the nation itself. Where, in bygone days, commercialism dared not lift its head, it now proves an all-engrossing creed. Like Mammon in Heaven, the multitude in Japan—as in the West—has come to admire more the riches of the path it treads than “aught divine or holy else.” Doubtless it was as a protest against this tendency of the age that the veteran General Nogi desired his self-immolation on the occasion of the Meiji obsequies to be construed. The ancient feudal custom of *junshi* (suicide of a retainer on the death of his lord as a proof of loyalty and devotion), legally obviated by its modern counterpart, the use of *hanika* (effigies buried with the deceased), may have supplied the simple old warrior with a text; but dissatisfaction with the trend of the national life was the burden of his eloquent, if wordless, homily. Nogi's sacrifice, however, profoundly though it impressed his countrymen at the time, was but a voice crying in the wilderness. The creed of the *Bushi* may have been, in its palmyest days, the guiding star of the Japanese people. To-day, even among their descendants, it is a spent force. The sword was once “the soul of the

samurai,” but its place has been taken by the *soroban*.¹

However, the belief of the leaders of Japanese thought in the national capacity for assimilation is illimitable. To have fallen into line with the West in politics, commerce and art is not enough. The remarkable imitative ability of the Japanese is now being invoked on behalf of its social and moral codes; and the whole fabric of Japanese society is being subverted by the officially inspired cult of conventionality. “Do as the Romans do,” is the instruction of the classes to the masses, without the excuse of being “in Rome.” From time immemorial the people have been accustomed to look upon the fundamental problems of life in a spirit of natural, almost idyllic, simplicity. They are now altering their whole attitude towards these questions, at the instance of the official class.

From time to time, some influential newspaper, inspired by this or that member of the Government, engineers a crusade against such peculiarly national institutions as the *Geisha* and the *Yoshiwara*, on the ground that these are social solecisms, contrary to “the interests of the State.” The Japanese Scotland Yard, undertaking the education of the people in matters of sexual propriety, insists upon the erection of wooden partitions across the large tanks in the public bath-houses, though, in many of the remoter rural districts, the placing of a bamboo pole athwart the surface of the water is deemed sufficient. Innate innocence is thus supplanted by the suggestion of evil where, *per se*, none exists.

The effect upon the rising generation of these official methods of inculcating ethics—if one may judge by the state of morality among the student-class in Tokyo and other large

¹ The Japanese abacus.

centres—is precisely what may have been expected.

In general, it may be said that Japan, having reproduced in an Oriental environment—with remarkable ease and on the whole with success—the material part of the civilization of the West, is now applying herself with characteristic thoroughness to the assimilation of its social and ethical side. In other words, the national character is undergoing a forced and unnatural reconstruction at the instance of external agencies acting through official channels. In a gigantic and complex operation of this kind, if the result is not to be disaster, the supreme question is that of the motive. Are the Japanese exchanging their views and ways of life for the views and ways of an alien civilization because those are wrong and these are right, or are they guided merely by considerations of expediency? Does the reformation (if such it be) spring from sincere repentance or has it a less noble and more material origin? Since national greatness knows no other foundation than that of national character, how will the change in the one affect the other? These are the queries which the student of affairs cannot refrain from asking when confronted with this unique drama of national evolution. Nor can he be blamed if he contemplates the outcome with some misgiving.

In the domain of politics, the new era, for some years to come at least, promises to be distinguished by a feature quite foreign to the old. The desire of the Japanese people is for a period of retrenchment, destitute—if circumstances permit—of any spectacles of adventure. Whether the bureaucratic or militarist element will suffer its realization remains to be seen. The fact is that for a quarter of a century—and all too hastily, in the

opinion of some—Japan has pursued the path of expansion. It has brought her glory, but at enormous cost. She is still paying in hard cash for her exploits by land and sea. The recovery from the *post bellum* depression was neither so easy nor so rapid as her rulers expected; and even with a war-tax which has become a permanent impost, the yearly balancing of her Budget is a task of great difficulty. In view of these circumstances, the almost invariable optimism of Japanese writers and publicists has of late given place to a somewhat chastened mood in dealing with the outlook for the future. It is asked whether Japan did not reach her zenith in 1905, whether her people were not screwed up by the triumphs of the war to a pitch of elation which they are unable to maintain; and the elder statesmen are blamed for keeping things too much in their hands and failing to prepare the people for the time when they would be as sheep without a shepherd. That this movement has not been without effect may be inferred from the first important event of the new reign—the struggle over the proposed increase of the land forces of the Empire by two divisions, on the score of increased responsibilities entailed by the annexation of Korea. The materialistic spirit, in so far as it is identified with commercialism, makes for peace: war is a waste, a set-back. But the militarists have for the moment gained the upper hand; and the world will witness the strange spectacle of a bureaucracy pursuing a policy at variance with the will of the bulk of the nation. The next few years promise to be eventful whether the Japanese people wish it or no.

With regard to the relations between Japan and this country there are reasons for believing that the next few years will be marked, not indeed

by conflicting aims, but by a diminution of common interests, arising out of the changed conditions in Eastern Asia. The Alliance in its present form has not in Japanese eyes the same value as that of 1905. In the matter of Anglo-Japanese relations the foreign communities resident in Japan represent a small, but persistently adverse, influence. It is a curious fact that the only advocates Japan can find in the Press in that part of the world are those whom she has captured—or (as the Trans-Atlantic idiom has it) “nobbled”—for that express purpose. While this circumstance is usually construed in a sense unfavorable to the Japanese, it may with equal reason be taken as showing to how large an extent prejudice enters into the attitude of the representatives of Western commercialism in the Far East.

In the impending great development of the Pacific area, the continuance of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance till 1921 will be of great value in ensuring the friendliness of Japanese relations with Western Canada, on the one hand, and with Australia, on the other. In the former direction, no recrudescence of trouble need be expected, as the tide of immigration into British Columbia has, with the co-operation of the Japanese Government, been effectively diverted elsewhere. Australian apprehensions—based apparently on the assumption that the ill-developed Northern Territory offers an irresistible temptation to an enterprising enemy—are as uncomplimentary to the Japanese as our allies as to the defensive capacity of the British Empire. As matters now stand they have but the slenderest foundation in fact; as time goes on they will have less.

The opening of the Panama Canal can scarcely fail to have the effect of imparting a certain intensity to the relations between Japan and the

United States. What the nature of those relations will be will depend on the extent to which the State Department attempts to give effect to the pronouncement of Mr. Secretary Knox in 1910, that “the Far East is part of the problem of the Pacific,” and that the United States “views with disfavor any extension of Japanese territorial influence in the outlying portions of the Chinese Empire.” Fortunately for the peace of the Orient, the Japanese are not an emotional people, liable to be swayed by sudden gusts of emotion. If they cannot include among their national assets newspaper “kings” who can “make” wars, they possess rulers who manifest in a special degree the shrewd and far-seeing qualities that go to make up wise statesmanship. In all potential sources of friction the Japanese may be trusted to maintain a strictly defensive attitude. Concentration, not dissipation, has always been the watchword of Japan’s strategy. That principle is all against the policy of adventure with which she is so frequently credited.

The future of Japan is, for good or ill, bound up with that of China—and none the less so because the rise of the Chinese Republic promises to transform the face of the Far East. Nature designed Japan an insular, circumstance has made her a continental, Power. It was the Chinese question that brought Russia and Japan together—first in conflict, and then in an *entente*. As neighbors of one another and of the Middle Kingdom, these two Powers have interests and aims more vital and direct than those of any other Power. The brain of Ito has been credited with the idea of a “Three Empire League,” composed of the Russian, British and Japanese Empires, which should exert a deciding influence upon the fate of China. The mantle of Ito has indeed

descended upon Katsura; but whereas Ito reckoned upon a decrepit and helpless China, Katsura found a China which, so far from being ready for dissection, gives promise of a renewed and vigorous youth. Russia's object in this direction—of which her recent action in Outer Mongolia gives further proof—is to make of her Trans-Siberian system a path to Peking which, for no part of its course, would pass through territory dominated by another Power. Nevertheless the question of Inner Mongolia remains, and seems destined to prove a veritable bone of contention among the three Powers most nearly concerned. As the converging point of so many ambitions, Peking bids fair to become the Constantinople of the Far East. There is more wisdom than may at first sight appear in the suggestion of the Republican leaders that the capital of New China should be some centrally situated city, further removed from a frontier already dominated by two Great Powers.

"China," said one of the most distinguished of Japanese publicists, not long ago, "is the true field for Japanese expansion in the future." The dictum was probably suggested by the holsting of the Pacific Coast placard, "No Japanese wanted here"; but its truth is founded upon profounder and more potent considerations, arising out of geographical, climatic, and racial conditions. Up till quite recent times, the two countries were separated by stormy, if narrow, seas and by the territory of a quasi-independent State. It is now but a step from Liaotung to Pechili; and the relations between the two branches of the Yellow Race increase daily in importance and intimacy. The climate of central and southern China also makes a strong appeal to the average Japanese settler, who abhors cold weather. The Tokyo Government experiences great diffi-

culty in finding the *personnel* for its elaborate colonization schemes in its own Hokkaido because of the severity of the winters there encountered; and, for a similar reason, neither Manchuria nor Korea—with the exception of the Fusan-Mokpo district—provides a wholly satisfactory outlet for the surplus Japanese population. "To the South!" is the cry of a people only one-eighth of whose land is cultivable, while in the entire northern half of it they do not get their fair share of the sun they love. Prior to the startling developments nearer home during the past twelve months it was a common thing for Japanese publicists and writers in the Press to direct the attention of their countrymen, on the score of climatic amenity, to the Dutch East Indies and the Kingdom of Siam, as eminently suitable fields for their enterprise.

In matters of policy, of late years, Japanese statesmen have been wisely listening to "the call of the blood." By skill and moderation in diplomatic debate they have reduced to vanishing point the differences between the two countries. *Pace* the popular belief to that effect, the Japanese position in Manchuria does not of itself constitute a bar to friendly relations with China. The Chinese recognize that, in resisting the advance of Russia, Japan was fighting their battle as well as her own; that, were it not for the stricken field of Mukden and the unquenchable heroism of Nogi at Port Arthur, Russia would be where Japan is now; and that the position of Japan in South Manchuria is but a small return for her own enormous sacrifice of blood and treasure and for the untold service she has rendered to the East. There is, therefore, no bitterness between the two peoples on this, or indeed on any, score. Increased intercourse, on the contrary, is producing a better understanding, based on mu-

tual knowledge and respect. The Japanese "man in the street," who was wont to entertain for his Celestial brother a certain measure of contempt, has begun to realize that the Chinaman, if less martial, is a better man of business than himself. Since the war, upwards of eight thousand Chinese students have completed their education in the Higher Schools of Tokyo and Kyoto, and many of these, profoundly impressed by the progress made by their neighbor in the arts of peace and war, have returned to play their part in urging their own countrymen to a new way of life—which, in its essence, is Japan's way of life. As to the change in the form of government in China, while the Japanese authorities would have preferred, for reasons already suggested, that even the shadow of a monarchy had been retained, popular sympathy in Japan was on the side of the revolutionists. The Japanese as a whole, official and unofficial, would have preferred—and still prefer—anything to that last of all calamities—the partition of China among the Powers of the West.

The real revolution that has taken place in China—and it is one with which Japan, from the lessons of her own history, is in the fullest sympathy—is the recognition of the fundamental value of material strength. The nation in whose eyes the profession of the soldier ever ranked the lowest has learned that, for her own security, she must call her sons to arms. In preparing herself for self-support and self-defence China will need assistance. For this, as surely as the flower turns towards the sun, she will turn to Japan. Already Chinese warships are being built in Japanese yards; and Japanese officers are engaged in the organization of Chinese land forces. Already Chinese papers are urging that important works of development in connection

with mines and railways should be entrusted to Japanese rather than to foreign experts. And when the hour strikes for the Middle Kingdom to shuffle off the toils of Western tutelage, the opportunity for which the more virile section of the Yellow Race is waiting will have arrived.

For that supreme moment in the history of the East the Japanese, on their part, are preparing. In a sense, Japan needs China more than China needs Japan. China's immensity, her vast reserves of man-power, will render her valuable as an ally, formidable as a foe. While China's immediate needs are military rather than commercial, Japan's are commercial rather than military. The two nations will therefore serve as complements the one of the other. Just as the Japanese look to the development of their trade with China—and with the Yangtse Valley in particular—to furnish the sinews of economic strength, the Chinese are looking to the Japanese to lay wide and deep the foundation of their military strength and teach them the once despised, but not essential, art of war.

No doubt the bare suggestion of an offensive and defensive alliance between the Chinese and Japanese Empires as one of the probabilities of the near future will suffice to conjure up in many minds that still uninterred bogey, the "Yellow Peril." The simple fact that the two great branches of the Mongolian race muster between them a third of the world's population can be made to acquire, on paper, a most portentous look; and—in the view of certain imaginative publicists, among whom history includes a Royal orator—has bred visions of yellow hordes innumerable pouring from the East on to the plains of Europe, to launch humanity upon an Armageddon of race and color in which sheer weight of numbers prevails. Of this,

however, the world may rest assured—that if the "Yellow Peril" ever materializes in the shape, or anything like the shape, its exponents assign to it, the responsibility for the ensuing cataclysm must be laid at the door of the West, and of the representatives of its civilization in the East. Aggressiveness—the chief attribute of the West in its dealings with the East—is utterly foreign to the Chinese

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character; prudence is the key-note of the Japanese. The union—one might almost say, the fusion—of the two races is inevitable; but only a keen and unquenchable sense of resentment—the memory either of material wrongs inflicted, or of accumulated insult endured—can ever arm the East against the West, or precipitate a War of Hemispheres.

E. Bruce Mitford.

A CAPTURED WAR CORRESPONDENT.

The number of correspondents attached to the Turkish Army who were captured by the Bulgarians totalled five in all, and was represented by Mr. Robert Long, of the *New York American*; Mr. Francis McCullagh, of the London *Daily News*; Monsieur Lavanture and his assistant, who were the representatives of *Pathe's Journal*; and myself, who was the correspondent of the Central News Agency.

Unlike the treatment accorded to Mr. Robert Long and Mr. Francis McCullagh, the attitude of the Bulgarians towards the two Frenchmen and myself for a long time was charged with the most objectionable suspicion. Unfortunately for myself, I was captured in what the Bulgarians chose to regard as the *premier ligne*, or fighting line, of a cavalry skirmish, but the two Frenchmen were captured on the road from Rodosto, while the other Englishmen fell into the enemy's hands near Alvasan. In no case was there any irregularity in the papers which we all carried, and it is difficult to understand the reason which caused the Bulgarian military authorities to refuse to accept the *bona fides* of men whose credentials were in perfect order. As events were to show, however, it was not until inquiries had been instituted by the

Daily News on behalf of Mr. Francis McCullagh, and by the Central News Agency on behalf of myself, that the Bulgarian Army headquarters manifested any disposition to facilitate our release.

Looking back on the experiences of the three weeks which we spent in captivity, it is impossible to avoid a feeling of relief that they ended as satisfactorily as they did. There were moments, as my narrative will show, when the situation bore for a time, so far as I was personally concerned, a distinctly unprepossessing aspect. Even when matters had become easier, there was a multitude of petty annoyances to be endured, while the perpetual presence of an escort by day and night was very irksome. Captured in different places we were brought separately to Fenner, and it was not until we were leaving that village for Chorlu that we travelled together.

So far as it was humanly possible the escort made their presence as agreeable as circumstances permitted, and the chief unpleasantness arose in places like Kirk Kilisse, where we were detained a week through the inability of the authorities to remember our existence. In Kirk Kilisse the English correspondents were confined

in one house and the French correspondents in another, while it seemed that nothing would induce the authorities to move in the matter of our release. Happily, in the end a message was sent through a secret channel to Sofia and from thence to London, whence steps were taken which ultimately secured our transference to the Bulgarian capital.

Captured on the morning of the 10th November, it was not until December 2nd that I secured my release. The circumstances in which the Bulgarians caught me were quite unheroic, for I was riding alone from Chatalja village to Silivri with the intention of watching the fighting in the vicinity of the latter place, when I came upon a Bulgarian patrol belonging to the 10th Cavalry of the First Bulgarian Army, who had been engaged but a few minutes before with the outposts of Ibrahim Bey's cavalry division. Ibrahim Bey, who commanded the cavalry division belonging to the Second Eastern Army, had previously established his headquarters in the village of Indjigiz, which lay some ten miles in advance of Chatalja by a direct road through the hills, and stood as the pivot of a right angle between Silivri and Chatalja.

Leaving Chatalja at an early hour, I had determined to pay a call at Indjigiz before proceeding to Silivri, and half the distance had been covered when I came up with a squadron of the 3rd Regiment of Ottoman Cavalry and learnt that Indjigiz had been occupied by the Bulgarians. The squadron of the Third was acting as reserve to some patrols who could be seen on duty about the hills above the village. As it was impossible to proceed, after a brief halt and the exchange of some walnuts for some cigarettes, I turned westwards across the hills in the hope of picking up the Silivri road. There was really nothing

to indicate the presence of any large force of the enemy, though a peasant who was at work in his fields informed me that the Bulgarians had also occupied Fenner. The news was significant but not alarming, and hardly sufficient to deter a traveller from going to Silivri.

Proceeding westwards, and keeping in the shelter of the hills, my direction led towards Alvasan, in the vicinity of which the patrols of Ibrahim Bey's cavalry gave place to those of Salih Pasha's cavalry division, which was attached to the First Eastern Army, and was engaged in watching Silivri in the same way that the cavalry of the Second Eastern Army was engaged at Indjigiz. The road from Indjigiz to Alvasan struck the Alvasan-Silivri road about a mile in advance of Alvasan, and, at the junction, two squadrons of the Second Regiment of Ottoman Cavalry had dismounted and were standing as a reserve to a third squadron that, with a couple of maxims, had just gone into action on the crest of an adjacent ridge. For a few minutes after I had reported to the officer in command there was a spirited fire, but it soon died away and we understood that the enemy had fallen back. After reassembling his men, and waiting for about half an hour, the little force rode off towards Alvasan, and left me to continue my journey to Silivri.

From the point where we parted, the distance to Silivri was some twelve miles, the track passing over open undulating country which was traversed by ridges that, again, were united by easy saddles. Silivri lay as due west as Indjigiz had been east, and putting my horse to a canter I moved off, confident from the deliberate movements of the Ottoman patrols that there was no enemy in the vicinity. Unhappily my anticipations were speedily shattered, for I had barely

surmounted the next ridge when a couple of shots passed close to my head, and drew my attention to the presence of a Bulgarian cavalry patrol some two hundred yards in front of me. There were six of them, each with his carbine delicately pointed in my direction. Overcome with astonishment I checked my horse to a trot, and then to a walk, and, as it was impossible to escape, I waited with no little anxiety the upshot of events. When the distance between the enemy and myself had narrowed to some twenty-five yards, the corporal in charge of the patrol waved to me to halt; which I did, since there was no doubt that the men could have made certain of their target. As I stopped two men, drawing their sabres, at once rode towards me, while the others covered me with their carbines. As the two men approached I called out that I was an English correspondent and pointed to the brassard on my arm.

"English correspondent?" exclaimed the first in Bulgarian as he drew alongside my horse. I nodded my assent.

"Revolver?" demanded the second man, who also had now arrived. I carried no revolver, and explained in signs that I had none. For a second or two the three of us looked at each other, when suddenly the two men burst into laughter, and turning in their saddles called out something to the corporal, who now came along. He repeated the demand for my revolver, and followed it with a request for my papers. I again explained that I had no revolver, but handed over my papers, which he took with a salute as he slipped the reins of my horse over its head and gave them to one of his men. Pointing to my pockets, the corporal asked permission to search them, and proceeded to remove my field-glasses, water-bottle, a sum of

money, and a few minor things. My capture was now complete, and as the tension of the situation broke, the patrol, sheathing their sabres and slinging their carbines, surrounded me and moved off.

When we had proceeded a short distance the little procession was stopped by a group of officers who had just come out of a village which I had reason to believe was Kadikœul. After receiving a report from the corporal, one of the officers, addressing me in French, asked politely the reason of my presence with his men and how I came to be in such an advanced position. I explained briefly that I was an English correspondent representing the Central News Agency, and had fallen by ill-luck into the hands of the patrol. He smiled, condoled with me on the fortunes of war, and willingly assented to my request that I might be permitted to guide my own horse. As we moved off he apparently caught sight of my glasses slung across the shoulders of the corporal, and halting the party he asked if anything had been taken from me. When the corporal explained what had been done, the officer ordered everything to be given back, with the exception of my papers, and at the same time reduced my escort from six men to two.

Resuming the journey, we had ridden about a mile when the escort caught sight of General Popoff, who was in command of the First Army, and took me before him. Leaning across his horse, General Popoff shook hands very warmly and treated my arrest as a capital joke. Asking my name, he inquired in French how I came to be in what he described as the *premier ligne*. I explained that English correspondents preferred to see for themselves what actually was taking place, whereupon, pointing to the advancing columns of his own troops, he congratulated me upon the oppor-

tunity of seeing what was taking place on both sides of the theatre of war. I laughed at his little sally, and, taking advantage of his good-natured manner, suggested that my good luck might be completed by his allowing me to turn back the way that I had come. Pointing to the top of a ridge some four hundred yards off I said that, if he would give me that amount of start, I would give his men a sporting gallop. General Popoff laughed, and replied that as I had risked the fortunes of war I must abide by them. I sighed mournfully, and telling me to cheer up his Excellency asked me what I thought of the Turkish troops. I remarked that I thought his own army was very well organized. "But," said he, "you have not seen very much of it." "Sufficient," said I, "to show me that the First Army is as well officered now as it was in 1903," adding that my experience on the present occasion confirmed the impressions that I had received on the earlier one. "In 1903?" said his Excellency, and I explained that I had been attached to army headquarters for the Macedonian rebellion, again suggesting that, as I had been treated so kindly on that occasion, the present one afforded an agreeable opportunity for its repetition. General Popoff agreed with my point of view, but said that his own pleasure in the matter would be found in the evening, when he could welcome me at his headquarters. I accepted the remark as a hint for my dismissal, and saluting, proceeded to turn my horse. As we moved off his Excellency suddenly realized my crestfallen appearance, and waving his hand called out cheerily: "Until this evening! Do not be sad. It's only the fortune of war."

While General Popoff rode off in one direction, the dreary business of moving down the Bulgarian line began again. From time to time I was

stopped and cross-examined by various officers, whose manners were kindly though impressed with a not unnatural curiosity. As a prisoner of war, however, one had no alternative but to accept the situation with as much philosophy as one could command, though the constant repetition of the same statement was a little wearying, and the jeers and applause of the rank and file extremely disconcerting. At the same time, the occasion was not without interest, for the fortunes of war had made me an involuntary spectator of the preliminary stages of the Bulgarian advance against Chatalja. It appeared that the First Army was advancing in a half-circle, the extremities of which reached out to Indjigiz in one direction and to Silivri in the other, the centre being represented by the village of Fenner, which had already been occupied, while the position at Silivri had been masked and left for another day.

The spectacle of the advancing forces of the enemy was supremely attractive—and instructive, for it revealed the care and method with which the Bulgarian arrangements were carried out. Away to the right there were long columns of infantry, and on the left there was a train of artillery, while in the distance one could see winding over the down-like country further masses of infantry and cavalry, and lines of transport. Across the immediate front there was a screen of cavalry patrols moving forward in Cossack groups, the order and precision of the whole operation being in unhappy contrast with what existed on the Ottoman side of the ridges. One of the first things to attract my attention was a field wagon loaded with bicycles and a section of motor-cyclists which was accompanying the infantry. Motor-cars were also numerous, while the field telegraph was almost level with the vanguard.

Against this efficiency it was surprising to find as one proceeded down the lines that the infantry were straggling rather freely, and I saw numerous instances of officers whipping men who had either fallen out or who were temporarily resting. The first few miles of the march showed, of course, troops who would form the fighting line, but it was something of a revelation to find that the whole first line, with field artillery, first-aid hospitals, ammunition reserves, and emergency stores, moved as an independent unit and was entirely self-contained.

I had been captured some time between ten and eleven in the morning, and about two I was led past the halting-place of the officers of the 36th Infantry, where I was stopped and questioned. The escort explained that I was being taken to the quartier general by General Popoff's orders, but the explanation was not sufficient for the Colonel commanding, who ordered me to dismount. Before I could comply I was seized by a number of people and dragged from my horse, a revolver was held to my face, and a sword at my throat, and my arms twisted behind my back. I was again searched, and asked for my revolver and my papers. Everything I possessed was taken from me, the Colonel himself going through my pockets with a delicacy which suggested that I might have been a thief caught red-handed in the act of committing some crime. The conversation was pointed and personal and was conducted in French, German, and English. I was called upon to explain what my papers meant, what was indicated by various pencilled marks on the map which I carried, and why I was wearing Turkish uniform. I explained that I was not wearing Turkish uniform but the ordinary shooting kit of an Englishman, and protested against the treatment I was receiving. My protest

elicited nothing more satisfactory than a tightening of the grip on my arms. When this little scene had continued for some considerable time I was warned that I was in peril of my life, and that if I attempted to get away I should be shot. I was then ordered to mount my horse, my knees were strapped to the saddle, my escort was increased from two men to six men, one of whom was an officer who rode behind me with a loaded revolver pointed at my back.

In this fashion I proceeded along the line of the marching troops until nightfall, when it became apparent that the officer could not find the quartier general. Numerous villages were visited without success, so finally the attempt was given up and we rode back along the line until we came up once again with the night bivouac of the officers of the 36th Infantry. The officers were sitting in a group on the ground as my escort rode up, and I was told to dismount and to sit with them. When I had done so my knees and ankles were bound with ropes, and the whole wearisome business of ascertaining my identity was repeated. I was asked my name and my reasons for being in the *premier ligne*, where I was informed no correspondent was ever permitted to go. I explained that the only positions occupied by English correspondents in war were those from which the fighting could be seen, which statement was accepted with incredulity, and declared anyhow to be false, because the officers had been informed by Turkish prisoners that there were no correspondents with the Turkish Army! I explained as politely as the circumstances permitted that there were thirty-two correspondents with the Turkish Army, which remark elicited the retort that I was thirty-two times a liar.

In the intervals of cross-examina-

tion and re-examination, during which I was called a liar and threatened with death if I tried to escape, my opinion was asked upon the qualities of the Turkish troops. I explained that if it were not possible to have a very high opinion of the Turkish troops at the present moment, it was because the best troops had not yet entered the field, and that no army could be expected to contend successfully when it was attacked by four others at the same time. I suggested that even the Bulgarians might well feel sympathetic for a race with the traditions of the Turks in such circumstances, but my remarks elicited unmeasured condemnation of Mussulman rule throughout the world, while in general I was regaled with long stories of Turkish inefficiency, cowardice, and demoralization, beside many epic narratives of Bulgarian bravery.

When the conversation turned to the condition of the Bulgarian Army I explained that it had been my privilege in 1903 to be attached to their army headquarters. I was informed that I was a liar, so I suggested that they should telegraph or cause a telegram to be sent to his Excellency Monsieur Goudeau, who, in 1903, was Reuter's correspondent in Sofia, and more lately has retired from the position of Minister of the Interior. It appeared that most of the officers present were acquainted with this gentleman, but the fact that I knew him too was no proof that I was not a Turkish spy. Under these circumstances I found conversation an ineffective relaxation, and replied solely to inquiries which were addressed to me. These questions concerned my clothes, which were held to be Turkish, but which really were a suit of gaberdine made by Burberry, to my moustache, which was clipped in military fashion and worn for reasons which are observed by everyone who

has anything to do with the Turks; and to my putties, which were proclaimed Turkish, though they had been actually purchased in Bombay. When this treatment had continued for some time I requested that the ropes round my ankles and knees might be loosened, and putting my hands down to my knees, tried to reduce the pressure of the ropes by slipping my fingers under them. The action was a very simple one and perfectly obvious, but it was sufficient to cause the Colonel to order my hands to be bound, while several of the people present warned me that if I moved again I should be shot. I expressed my regret for my carelessness, and by way of changing the conversation asked for some food. My request was refused. I asked for a drink, which was also refused; but when the men round me had had their evening meal and were dispersing for the night, I was taken into a small tent by the officers of the 38th Infantry and for the best part of an hour subjected to an experience which I never wish to have repeated.

The ceremony was prefaced with the statement that if I would confess to being a Turkish officer I would be given a comfortable bed for the night and a good dinner. I confess now that the prospect of food and a decent night's rest was very alluring, but I was unfortunately unable to adopt the point of view that I was a Turkish officer, and had therefore to submit to the treatment which followed. I was made to stand, my arms were twisted behind my back and held while an officer with a red moustache and a drawn revolver sat just behind me. In front of me were other officers, who proceeded to strip me, to bind my arms, and to examine my skin and my body generally for marks which would prove that I was a Turkish officer. Without being able to go into

the details of what happened in the tent, I may say that it was proved beyond doubt by a Red-Cross man who was present that I was a true Constantinople Turk. I denied the soft impeachment, but I found that a couple of scars on my body, which were relics of the siege of Mafeking, had really been received either in Albania or Arabia.

When it was satisfactorily established that I was a Turk, the officers proceeded to examine my wearing apparel. It happened that I was wearing a pair of boots that had been bought in Constantinople, a pair of native socks that had come from Choriu, and that on my arm I bore a bandage inscribed in Turkish characters with the words, "Correspondent of the Central News Agency." As a correspondent with the Turkish troops I was naturally wearing a fez, while, tucked away in one of my pockets, was a Mohammedan chain of beads. These things were regarded as direct evidence of my Turkish origin, and it was useless to explain that the fez and the bandage were worn at the order of the Turkish authorities, or to state the simple truth with regard to the other things.

After my body and my clothes had been examined the officers proceeded to go through my papers, which comprised a passport from the Foreign Office, with a photograph attached to it; credentials from the Board of Directors of the Central News Agency signed, sealed, and stamped in the most official fashion; a permit from the Turkish War Office, a letter of identification from the Ottoman Bank, and a number of receipts which happened to trace my movements from London to Constantinople and from Constantinople to Choriu. Unfortunately, these papers were not sufficient to establish my *bona fides*, and I was informed that they had been stolen or

forged; while, as regards my clothes, which, in addition to the suit of gaberdine, included a khaki shirt and collar, I was once more told that they were the uniform of a Turkish officer.

I was now re-dressed, my arms being rebound after my clothes had been put on, when, as the officers were discussing my fate, there was a disturbance outside the tent, and some soldiers thrust through the flap a boy who was between the ages of sixteen and nineteen. He may have been a Greek or Bulgarian, he certainly was not a Turk; but having been beaten across the face with a whip, and so reduced to a condition of absolute terror, he was asked whether my clothes were not those of a Turkish officer. Without a moment's hesitation he identified both myself and my clothes, his willingness in this respect being only equalled by the engaging candor of one of the officers present, who suddenly recalled my name as that of a Turkish officer he had learned about at Salonica.

Confronted with this situation I took refuge in silence, though when the examination was finally concluded I ventured to address the officers present who spoke English in English, in a last attempt to prove my identity. One officer who spoke English perfectly, explained that he was sorry to find that I had taken refuge in such a mean excuse as to claim to be English when I was Turkish. I was then informed that I should be shot in the morning, and was taken outside the tent to a cart which stood about three or four yards from the tent, put in a sitting position, and bound to the cart-wheel. As my arms were already bound, by way of securing them still further a rope was passed round my neck to my wrists and then fastened to the spokes of the wheel. My thighs and my legs were next bound, and a rope passed round my ankles and feet.

caught up with the rope around my neck, and secured in turn to the wheel. In this position I was left, though my reflections were soothed by the officer with the red moustache, who from time to time came out of the tent to explain that as he was a man of humanity it was his sorrowful duty to advise me to confess so that my soul should be in peace, as in the morning I was to be shot.

In these circumstances I gave up the position, for I could think of nothing that would explain anything in any way that these officers would accept; and accordingly, as counselled, I tried to compose myself as much as possible. It was a little difficult, for my arms had been twisted to such a degree that my shoulders ached with the pain, while the rain had tightened the ropes until my skin began to be chafed. I think that I must have been two hours lying on the ground, watched over by a sentry with a loaded rifle and a fixed bayonet and in the possession of orders to shoot me if I attempted to escape, when an officer passed and stopped, attracted by the singular spectacle of a man lying bound to a cart-wheel. By a curious coincidence he had seen me and spoken to me during the course of the day. He was good enough to take an interest in me, and in reply to his inquiry I explained as rapidly as possible what had taken place. I requested him to go to General Popoff, or at least to telegraph to Monsieur Goudeau. He was considerate, but explained that before he could do anything he would have to consult the officers in the tent. He disappeared into the tent, and coming out in about a quarter of an hour, explained that he had heard the other side of the question, and had been

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informed that I was a Turkish officer, and suspected of being a spy. I repeated my previous statement, and in the end he rendered me the service of going himself to headquarters.

Another hour passed, when a mounted orderly arrived with an order from headquarters, and the officers turned out of the tent, unbound me from the cart-wheel, took the ropes from my legs, though the ropes round my neck and round my arms were kept in position, and sent me off. With an escort of four men and the end of the rope which was round my neck held by an officer of the military police, I was half led and half dragged across country to where divisional headquarters was established. As it was a little difficult to walk with a rope round my neck and with my arms bound I stumbled a good deal, being steadied each time by a tug on the rope from the officer who held its end.

After marching some considerable distance we reached headquarters at half-past one in the morning, when I was shown into a room where six staff officers were in bed, one of whom apparently was expecting me. He got up, appeared to be exceedingly indignant that I should have been bound, had my arms and shoulders rubbed, gave me some brandy, and disappeared into an inner room. When he came out he was accompanied by another officer, who apologized for the treatment I had received, waived the question of identification until later in the morning, found me a room in which to sleep, and provided me with blankets. I slept with a sentry in the room, while two other sentries stood outside the door all night. In the morning it was decided that I was English, and that my papers were in order.

Angus Hamilton.

HONESTY.

By M. E. FRANCIS.

CHAPTER IX.

A strange, bewildering, but on the whole pleasant week was that which ensued. There were many sights to see in the great city of London; the streets themselves were a source of never-failing if somewhat terrifying delight to the little country girl. The roar of the traffic, the hurry and bustle, the unending stream of vehicles, the very pictures on the hoardings, were things to be marvelled at. And the shops—were there ever such shops! Under the new state of affairs Honesty need not confine herself to envious staring at unattainable treasures through the windows—as she had so often done in former days, when marketing in the little country town near home; she might walk bravely in and buy for herself some of the coveted knick-knacks.

It is true she was not extravagant in her ideas, and made her purchases with a strict view to economy, but to be able to make purchases at all was such a wonderful thing! To buy a whole new outfit, straight off, at Zachary's command, any lingering scruple vanquished by the plea that he liked to see his wife well turned-out, and that it was now her duty to honor and obey—what wonder that Honesty felt bewildered!

Then the expeditions by motor-bus or Underground, the visits to the Zoo, to the Crystal Palace, to Madame Tussaud's! And the pantomimes and theatres! The little bride had only to formulate a wish to find it instantly put into execution. Zachary always liked what she liked.

Once, when she had suggested that he should make out the day's programme, he had answered, smiling:—

"Nay, little 'ooman, I'll leave that

to you; 'tis enough pleasure to me to see you pleased."

Before the week was over Honesty had completely lost all shyness with her big, good-natured husband. Who could be afraid of a person who was always good-humored, always cheery, ever apparently on the lookout for some opportunity to express his satisfaction with things in general and his own existence in particular? The girl's nature seemed actually to expand; she laughed and prattled with an ease and freedom such as she had never displayed before, and Zachary, rejoicing in the fact, appeared to beam more broadly every day.

At length the time came for returning to the serious side of life and inaugurating Honesty's future career as a business woman. She did not appear dismayed at the prospect, though Zachary eyed her somewhat solemnly during the progress of the return journey.

Once he sighed.

"What's that for?" asked she gaily.

"Why, because I can't help feeling sorry as the holiday's over," rejoined he. "Playtime's done and work begins. I could ha' liked ye to have a bit more play, child."

"Why, it 'ull be all play," rejoined she, still laughing. "'Ees, I shall just about love it. The van's like a little house, ye know, and I shall be so set up cookin' at the little stove, and washin' up the dishes in that pretty red crock and keepin' all tidy, I shall feel as if I was playin' wi' a doll's house again."

He pinched her cheek, smiling, but paused before replying.

"There'll be other work to do, though—business work—travellin' round the country and sellin' our goods. I'm

afear'd there'll be times when you'll be a-wishin' you was livin' in a proper house again."

"Dear, to be sure, what a long face!" cried she. "I'm not afear'd o' nothin', so why should you be? When I'm tired," she added softly, "I'll let you know it; then you can do a double share of work and let me have a rest."

Zachary eyed her seriously.

"'Tis what I'd like for to do," he said, "but I mayn't be able to, my dear. There'll be days when us'll be bound to keep on travellin'—fair times, ye know—and I'll have to drive the harse. I couldn't do two things at once, much as I'd like for to do so," he added regretfully.

"Well, I haven't begun to grumble yet," said Honesty.

"'Tis what I'd be sorry for ye to have to do, my dear," rejoined Zachary. "I wouldn't like there to be no need for ye to grumble—that's why I be a bit serious-like."

"Did your first wife grumble much?" asked the girl, who felt an odd kind of curiosity about her predecessor.

Zachary took her hand in his, beating the fingers softly against his own palm; he did not answer her for a moment or two; then he said gently:—

"She was a good 'ooman, my dear, as I did often tell 'ee, but of course she did have her faults like another—only I don't care for to call them to mind, now she's gone, poor soul."

"Do ye often think of her?" inquired Honesty.

Zachary ceased the gentle tapping of his own hand with her fingers and gazed at her with a shame-faced expression.

"To tell ye the truth, I haven't give a thought to her o' late," he owned.

Honesty released herself in order to clap her hands.

"I'm glad!" she cried. "I shouldn't like to think as she was allus there between us."

Zachary's expression, which had been regretful, almost ashamed, suddenly changed into a bright look of rapture.

"What, be ye jealous, little 'ooman?" he cried, catching her by the wrist.

Honesty considered.

"I don't know that I be," she said after a pause. "I shouldn't like to think as you was always makin' comparisons between me and her, thinkin' maybe I didn't boil the taters so well as she did, or I didn't ought to be shiftin' the things from the places where she did use to keep them. Ye midn't like my ways so well as her ways in the end—you mid a'most be wishin' her back."

He shook his head vehemently.

"Do you ever wish poor Rose back?" went on Honesty in a low voice.

"Perhaps ye didn't ought to ax that question," said he gravely.

"Then ye *do* wish her back!" she exclaimed, wrenching herself free from him.

"Nay, love," said he; "if ye will have it, ye must—but I do feel fair ashamed to tell ye. Poor Rose, she was my wife for goin' on fifteen year—she did her duty by me, and I did my duty by her—I didn't ought to forget her, but when you're there, Honesty—"

He stopped short, reddening, and went on in an unsteady voice:—

"You've fair bewitched me, little 'ooman."

Honesty was silent for a few minutes, and then taking his face in both her hands she drew it gently down to hers.

"Don't feel so bad about it," she said. "I am glad you do love me so dear, but I don't really want ye for to forget the poor 'ooman what's gone. I couldn't be so wicked. Us'll talk of her sometimes, and I'll try to get into her ways and do everything same as she'd ha' liked it done. I bairn't really jealous, Zachary."

"You're everything in this world what's good," returned he heartily.

"I'd rather—truly—I'd rather—ye didn't forget your first wife," went on Honesty, after meditating for a moment. "If I was to die, I wouldn't like ye for to forget me. If ye was to take another missus I'd like ye to talk of me."

"Oh, don't carry on like that!" exclaimed her husband, speaking almost roughly in his sudden emotion. "If I was to lose ye—" he drew a long breath. "There, I can't talk about it, but 'tis best ye should make no mistakes. The feelin' I have for you, Honesty, is different from what I ever had or ever could have for any other 'ooman—let's leave it at that."

"But you don't truly think I'm jealous," persisted she; "'tis bad to be jealous."

"I don't know as 'tis so very bad. 'Tis nat'ral enough. I could be very jealous, I reckon, if ye'd ever fancied anybody but me."

Honesty gazed at him for a moment as though about to speak, then drew back into her corner, shivering a little.

"'Tis cold after all," she said. "I'll be glad when us do get to Salisbury."

They lodged that night at the house of one of Zachary's friends, and took possession of the van on the following morning.

Varied and amusing were Honesty's experiences during the next few months. There were no fairs going on at that time of the year, but they journeyed from one village to another, selling their wares.

Much to her husband's delight, she proved herself a good woman of business, and drove bargains and kept her books with a determination and precision which were unfailing sources of amazement to him. She was sharper than he, too, in purchasing new goods, and was quick to discover and return any damaged article.

"There's no use in poor Prince hawking things about the country what bain't worth payin' for," she remarked. "'Tis trouble for he and waste of time for you, seein' as ye do so often give damaged things away."

"There's poor folks what do like a windfall same as that now and again," said Zachary.

"Much better make them a present, then, as hasn't got no flaw in it," returned she. "Ye do make the whole-sale folks dishonest if ye do pay them for what hasn't got no value."

"True, true," agreed he. "I'd never ha' thought o' those things for myself; it do take a 'ooman to hit on 'em. You'm right; 'tis best to be fair all round. When ye do make a present let it be worth havin', but don't go for to pay for what isn't worth sellin'. I wonder I didn't think o' that before, for I'm a great one for bein' just."

Life was not always idyllic. Sometimes it rained and Honesty sat inside the van, while Zachary plodded wearily along through the mud. On such occasions as these their movable house did seem a trifle small and stuffy, and the stove occasionally smoked, and when they halted for dinner the steam from Zachary's damp clothes pervaded the place, mingling with the steam from the damp horse without; but these were trifling drawbacks after all, quickly forgotten when the sun shone again.

Honesty enjoyed the constant change of scene and the greetings of Zachary's clients, nearly all of whom took a friendly interest in herself. She did not even weary of the slow travelling between the leafless hedges; often, when they came to an unfrequented byway, passing hours together without meeting any vehicle or exchanging a word with a human being.

They generally halted for the night at the corner of some retired lane, or

on a piece of waste land sheltered, if possible, by trees. While Zachary attended to the horse, Honesty made haste to cook supper. They would leave the door of the van open, so that the glow of stove and lamp shone upon the twigs of the protecting hedge and sent forth a long, flickering finger of light as though to invite any stray wanderer to enter the cosy dwelling. Honesty would watch Zachary's dark form moving about the horse with entire satisfaction.

How big and strong he was and how thoughtful for her! Many a man in his place would leave his wife in the van and march off to the nearest public-house, to drink a glass with a crony or two and hear whatever news was going; but her husband would never dream of doing such a thing.

She would call to him sometimes to make sure of his comfortable proximity, and his voice rang out in reply, always kindly and cheery.

"Why, that's the third time ye've a-called I this evenin'," he said once, coming round to the door of the van and looking in, in surprise. "Are ye feelin' nervous?"

"No," returned she; "I do just like to know you'm there."

"Why, where should I be?" rejoined he, laughing.

"Stand still a minute," resumed she. "I've been a-thinkin' o' summat. This here lané is rather like the drove at home. Do ye see that ray o' light a-fallin' along it from our door? It do seem like a path a-leadin' up to us, don't it? I do often stand and watch it, and think how frightened I was on Christmas Eve, when I was a-wanderin' out all by myself and didn't know who mid be inside the van. And when I do think on't, I do begin to feel scared again; and then I do call out, and ye do answer, and I do say to myself, 'It's my husband there; he'll not let nothin' happen to me.'"

"What a funny little 'ooman!" ejaculated Zachary, much elated, but a little puzzled too.

"Oh, 'tis only nonsense," said she quickly. "Ye see I've a-been a good deal knocked about i' my life, and 'tis nice to think I've got a husband and a home o' my own."

Zachary caught her to him with a fervor which startled her.

"A husband what 'ud lay down his life for ye!" he murmured.

He stood silent by the narrow doorway, watching the path of light stretching out along the grassy lane, and then glancing upward to the clear sky overhead, whence the stars were shining down at them. A little breeze came sighing over the hedges, and then was still, but through the branches of the elm which marked the turning of the lane they could see white films of cloud racing past a silvery crescent moon.

"'Tis a lovely night," said Zachary; then he, half turning, looked over his shoulder into the tiny enclosure which was home.

The kettle was singing on the brightly-polished stove. The cloth was spread, and Honesty's work-basket lay open on the chair from which she had just risen, one of his own socks hanging over the edge. He glanced back at Honesty herself; at the tendrils of golden hair, irradiated by the lamp-light, at the little face, slightly tilted upward, as she leant upon the door, her slim girlish shape outlined against its darkness, the glow from the fire just catching the hand on which gleamed the wedding-ring.

"There's times when I do think I'm dreamin'," he said.

CHAPTER X.

One bright, breezy April morning Zachary sat down to breakfast in an unusual mood; now chuckling to himself, now appearing thoughtful. Hon-

esty was at first too busy in attending to his needs to take note of his strange demeanor, but when his cup was full and a smoking rasher on his plate she had leisure to remark on it.

"What in the world be ye a-laughin' to yourself like that for?" she exclaimed.

"Was I laughin'?" queried he.

"Ye was a minute ago, but now ye do seem so solemn as a judge. I can't make out what's to do."

"Well, I've need to look solemn," rejoined he seriously. "I be gettin' into years, Honesty, and that's the truth. To-day's my birthday—I be forty-one—a terr'ble age for sure. And there be you wi' that little child's face o' yours—I ought to be ashamed to think I've wed ye—eighteen from forty was bad enough, but eighteen from forty-one!"

"I'll soon catch ye up, if that's all," cried Honesty. "I'm nearer nineteen than eighteen as it is. I did use to think it a terr'ble thing for you to be so much older nor me—but I don't mind at all, now. You'm so young in your ways, d'ye see. No man could be younger nor what ye be at heart."

"That's true," agreed he, with a brightening face; "I do feel a bwoy at heart—so I do, more partic'lar since I've married ye. I've got a bwoy's notion in my head to-day—that's why I've been a-laughin' to myself. 'Ees, I've a-got a plan. We'll keep my birthday in proper style, you and me—we'll not do no business to-day—us'll go off to Shillingstone Hill and spend the whole day in the woods there. The sun do shine so warm as summer, and the flowers 'ull be out—them little wild daffodils, and I shouldn't wonder but what there'd be primroses, for it's wonderful sheltered there. 'Ees, us'll have the place all to ourselves to make merry in, except for the rabbits and squirrels, and may be a deer or two.

There's wild deer in them woods. Did ye ever see a deer, little 'ooman?"

"Never," cried Honesty, clapping her hands joyfully. "There, I do think it's a lovely plan, and you be real nice to think of it. Was that what you was a-laughin' at?"

"'Ees," rejoined he, chuckling again. "I were just about set-up at the notion comin' into my head, and thinkin' how pleased ye'd be. I was hopin' ye'd be pleased, but then again thinks I, 'She'll reckon it foolish for a wold fellow like me to carry on same as if he was a bwoy-chap.'"

"Your second thoughts was worst then," cried she; "I do think ye the best and nicest and kindest man i' the whole world, that's what I do think. Oh, Zachary, when shall we start?"

"Now, sit ye down and eat a good breakfast first," rejoined he, "and I'll tell ye my plan. Us'll leave the van down to Shillingstone village, and while you'm makin' some sandwiches, I'll slip out and buy a few cakes, and sich, and a bottle o' milk. Oh, us'll have grand times!"

These preparations were duly made, and at length, each laden with a basket, the pair set forth up the path which winds across the open face of the downs to the wooded heights above.

Here was a magical world indeed: woodlands gay in the first, tender, matchless green of early spring, with mossy glades between, and sunny corners, where the primroses grew in luxuriance. There were banks covered with celandine; the hawthorn was as yet only in budding leaf, but in the copses the blackthorn showed silvery beside golden clumps of gorse. Little croziers of bracken curled themselves above the newly sprung blades of grass. White clouds raced merrily across the brilliant blue dome overhead, but there were sunny hollows in the lewth of the copses, where

hardly a breath of the fresh tart breeze was felt.

After roaming their fill along the mossy paths, Zachary and Honesty established themselves in one such favored spot to partake of their midday meal. There was a hazel grove at their backs, topped by young beeches with crumpled golden leaves just unfurling; and the high bank to their right was crowned with gorse, the yellow bloom flaming in the sun, and giving forth the indescribable, distinctive perfume, which, of itself, would seem to proclaim the advance of spring. To the left stretched a long, glowing path, sloping downwards to more woods, which fell away in rough terraces, as though to enable the beholder to rejoice in the exquisite distance beyond. A distance of dreamy, delicate tints, where the cultivated lands were shrouded in spring haze, giving place in turn to the misty blue of the far-away hills.

"Do you know what I think?" exclaimed Honesty, after gazing about her for a while in silence; "I think this must be just like Heaven—or maybe fairyland."

"You mid very well be queen of the fairies then," said Zachary, gazing approvingly at her, "but I d' 'low I'd look a bit out of place in fairyland. Be I the wicked giant then, or be I the man wi' the ass's head? I mind readin' a tale once of a man what was forced to wear a ass's head by the king o' the fairies—a wold tale, I think it was. Talkin' about queer heads, I've got summat here as 'ull make ye laugh. I thought us 'ud like a bit o' merry-makin' along o' it bein' my birthday."

From that wonderful bulging pocket of his, Zachary now produced a somewhat crushed parcel, which, on being opened, was found to contain half a dozen paper crackers.

"These was left over from Christmas," said he, "I see'd 'em on the

counter and bought the lot cheap. Thinks I, 'They'll give my little 'oman a good laugh.' Come, Fairy Queen, is this picnic ready?"

"In a minute," returned she.

The basket was opened, and its contents arranged on a clean white cloth, spread on the mossy expanse; when all the viands were set forth Zachary arranged his crackers at right angles one to the other in the approved fashion.

"This is just about a nice party," he remarked, rubbing his hands gleefully, "and I be so hungry as anything."

"So am I," cried Honesty; "oh, what a lovely lot of cakes you've bought! We'll never be able to eat all those, more partic'lar as you don't care for sweet things much."

"I'm goin' to eat 'em to-day, though," returned he. "There! I do want to remember it is my birthday, but to forget I be so old as forty-one. I do want to make believe I be a bwoy again—a young lad o' your own age, wi'out a hair on his face and wi' a terr'ble sweet tooth! That's the kind o' playmate ye did ought to have, my dear."

He laughed as he spoke, yet there was a certain anxiety in the glance he cast upon her.

"I'm very glad I haven't then," returned she emphatically. "I did never care for bwoy-chaps, never—foolish fellows they be, and awful ark'ard. No, no, give me a man. But I don't mind you pretending to be a bwoy just for to-day. Come, shall us pull crackers?"

They pulled the whole half-dozen with great satisfaction; their laughter echoing through the wood, to the startled amazement of its furred and feathered inhabitants. The rabbits scurried away into the undergrowth, a pigeon flew with clattering wings into the adjoining brake, a blackbird uttered its warning shriek so close to

them that Honesty was startled in her turn.

"Oh, Zachary, don't let's make such a noise," cried she suddenly, "we're frightening the rabbits—perhaps there's a deer about somewhere; do let's sit quite still and see if a deer won't come and look at us. I should just about like to see a real, wild deer."

"Ees, they'm pretty little things," agreed he, "and this 'ud be a likely way for 'em to come, along o' that pool up yonder."

"Don't light your pipe," Honesty exclaimed, "they're sure to smell the smoke."

"No, the wind is blowing towards us," rejoined he, "they'll not notice it. Bain't you a-goin' to put on thik fine cap?"

"I'm afraid the bright color will startle em," she returned.

"Nay, if ye hide behind the gorse-bush they'll not see ye. The bush is pretty tall. I'd be disappointed if ye didn't wear your cracker-cap after I ha' bought them for ye. I be goin' to wear mine, I know."

The parti-colored article which had fallen to his share was rather small for him, but by placing it well back on his head and judiciously tearing it at one corner he was able to put it on.

Honesty's blue and white paper sun-bonnet was mightily becoming. She was also the proud possessor of a green glass brooch and a minute mouth-organ. Zachary had a tinsel breast pin and a teetotum, which he amused himself by endeavoring to spin in the palm of his hand.

"There's the mottoes to read yet," he whispered, "don't forget the mottoes—they're the best part o' crackers to my mind."

Honesty unfolded one of the crumpled slips of paper and leaning against Zachary, so that the blue sun-bonnet rested on his shoulder, she

read the verse it contained in a low voice.

"When you least expect it you'll meet your fate,
A man to love or a man to hate."

"Well, I did meet my fate unexpected," murmured she laughing, "and I d' 'low 'twas a man to love."

"'Tis to be hoped so," returned he, squinting down at her. "and yet I mid very well be a man to hate, too. There's many as midn't fancy me, but I'm thankful ye can feel that way about me. Well, read one for me."

"You must draw one," said Honesty.

She pushed the little pile of slips towards him, and he selected one at random, holding it up in his big finger and thumb.

"Fair as a lily is she you love,
"With the lips of a rosebud, the eyes of a dove.
"She brings you for shower, a perfume untold,
"If her pockets be empty, her heart is of gold."

"And that's true, too," murmured he, "you'm right in saying this here is fairy-land. There's witchcraft in this. Let's have another."

"Oh, this isn't a nice one," said Honesty, crumpling up the paper in her hand.

"Nay, let's have it," insisted he.

Smoothing out the little slip of paper, he read:

"Smile upon your lover, fair one,
keep him well in play,
"Some one else's turn to-morrow, it is his to-day.

"His the lot of many another, wherefore should he grieve?

"'Tis the man's part to be hood-winked—woman's to deceive."

"Nay, that's a foolish one, but us can laugh at it together. This here goes by contrary, don't it?"

"I don't even like readin' about such

things," said Honesty seriously. "'Tis terrible bad to deceive a man what loves ye—Hark, what's that?"

"'Tis the sound of a horn," rejoined Zachary, after listening for a moment. "I thought they'd ha' given over hunting by now, but they be tryin' to make up for the long frost, I suppose. Hush!"

He raised himself excitedly.

"What is it?" asked she, breathlessly.

"Sit quite still. Don't ye hear summat?"

The blast of the horn sounded again faintly in the distance, but there was another sound nearer at hand—the patter of light feet, the rustling of twigs. Presently a roe-buck came bounding down one of the paths which intersected the glade in which they were sitting and vanished almost immediately from their sight.

"Oh, Zachary, they're never hunting that beautiful little creature," exclaimed Honesty.

"No, they're after a fox, but this little chap has took fright at the horn and is cuttin' away to a safe place. He'll be far enough off by the time they come this way. There, look yonder, do you see the man in the red coat, riding a white horse. Look, look! there's the hounds!"

"Where?" cried Honesty, scrambling to her feet.

"Straight in front o' ye—can't ye see 'em between the trees? There's a lot of 'em comin' now, and hark to the hounds."

The pack was indeed in full cry. Honesty, clinging to her husband's arm, witnessed the exhilarating spectacle with delight. The whole field passed about a quarter of a mile from the spot where she and Zachary stood. When the horsemen had disappeared and the sounds of pursuit had grown faint in the distance she drew a long breath.

"I do hope the fox gets away!" she exclaimed.

Zachary laughed and pinched her cheek.

"I never knewed such a tender-hearted little 'ooman," he exclaimed. "Come, let's sit down again, I want to finish my pipe."

He leaned back against a tree-trunk contentedly smoking while Honesty, taking her place beside him, sat clasping her knees and meditating. She had noticed several ladies among the hunting-folk and wondered to herself whether Miss Cynthia was among them, and if so whether Robert were not in attendance upon her.

"A penny for your thoughts, little 'ooman," said Zachary suddenly.

She glanced round at him smiling.

"Oh, I was just thinking about the hunt," she said, and then corrected herself. "I was wondering if there was any one I knew among them."

Zachary took his pipe from his mouth, and pointed at her with the stem.

"Perhaps what's-his-name is there," he said, "Robert Short—him what ye did use to call your cousin, you know."

"'Ees, I know," returned she, "I didn't see him. Shall I pack the basket again?"

Kneeling up, she began to restore plates and glasses to the basket, while Zachary resumed the smoking of his pipe. All at once the thud of horses' hoofs was heard again, and before either husband or wife could move, two riders scrambled down the bank immediately behind them, the foremost horse almost touching Honesty's shoulder. It was a showy-looking chestnut bestridden by a man in pink. He was followed by a buxom, rosy-cheeked girl, riding a smart cob.

"Look out, there! Where are ye goin' to?" cried Zachary, almost in a

roar; his face was as red as the foremost portion of his paper cap.

"Why didn't you get out of the way then, Mountebank?" retorted the male rider. "If people come trespassing in the woods in the hunting season they must take their chance of getting ridden down. Come on Miss Cynthia."

They went galloping on their way again, leaving Zachary speechless with wrath. Honesty, after her first startled shriek, had not moved. She crouched in a trembling heap against the bank, her face hidden by her cracker sun-bonnet.

"Are ye hurt?" asked Zachary tenderly; "the villain mid ha' killed ye."

"I'm all right," murmured Honesty, in a muffled tone, "the horse didn't touch me."

"Well, no thanks to his master if he didn't," replied Zachary. "'Mountebank' indeed!" He twitched off his cap, "if that chap had been a-foot like myself, I'd have l'arned en who was mountebank."

Taking the flapping border of Honesty's bonnet between his finger and thumb, he jerked it off, peering anxiously into her face.

"Dear, why, you be so white as chalk!" he exclaimed, furiously, "scared out of your very wits!"

"I was scared," returned she, without raising her eyes.

"I've a good mind to follow that chap and have it out wi' him," exclaimed Zachary. "There's been a

check—I can hear the hounds at work down there."

He started forward, but Honesty seized him quickly by the sleeve.

"No, no," she said, "don't leave me!"

He put his arm round her then, and made her sit down with him on the bank again.

"Why, ye be all of a tremble," he said. "There, I'll not leave ye, my dear, don't ye be afeared o' that—I'll bide and take care of 'ee. He'll not be comin' this way no more."

"Nay, let's finish packing up our things," said she. "I do want to get a long way off, right away from the hounds, so as us can't come across any more huntin' folk."

"Well, that's easy done," rejoined he, now regaining his customary good-humor. "Come, I'll lend ye a hand. Us'll soon get through, and then us'll go wanderin' off and pick some more pretty flowers. May-be us mid find another deer."

"That 'ud be nice," agreed Honesty, but she spoke faintly, and even when they wandered once more amid the fairy glades, though she filled her hand with flowers, and though the sun shone warmly overhead and the breeze lifted her hair with little frolicsome puffs, she seemed to have lost her spirits. The glamor had departed from the place.

"She hasn't got over the fright," thought Zachary. "If ever I come across that chap I'll let him know summat."

The Times.

(*To be continued.*)

THE IRISH NATIONAL THEATRE.

There is no literary movement of the present time which has met with so little adequate criticism as the Irish school of drama. Ever since the discovery, some years ago, by *The Times*

dramatic critic of the strange and exotic charm of English spoken with an Irish accent, the tours through England of the Abbey Theatre players have been one long triumphal pro-

gress. Their acting has been acclaimed as a return from the artifice and convention of the English stage to nature itself; their plays have been hailed as masterpieces of literature; above all, the "Playboy of the Western World" has been accepted as a classic, as the supreme and perfect representation of peasant life, as the true interpretation of the enigma of Ireland for English audiences.

In America the cultured and literary world has followed, as it usually does, in the footsteps of the English intellectual class. The same eulogies have been pronounced, with added American emphasis, over the same plays. American universities have gone so far as to adopt Synge's works as textbooks of English literature. Yet in America there has been what there is not in England, a strong current of adverse criticism. Profitable as was the tour of the Abbey company in the autumn of 1911, it was not the uninterrupted sequence of triumphs which one might suppose from reading the Press notices. Protest after protest was made, both in the theatre and in the less literary papers, against the general tenor and atmosphere of the plays. The "Playboy" was specially singled out for opposition. It was declared to be a parody and a perversion of Irish peasant life, a libel on the national character, immoral both in language and in plot.

Unfortunately for the Abbey Theatre company, both players and writers, the criticism, which they had so long needed and at last received in the United States, was of the kind which irritates rather than stimulates; and that for two reasons. First of all, there is an impression that the opposition was organized and not spontaneous, the work of those compact and self-conscious institutions, the Irish-American societies. Secondly, the quality of the criticism left a good

deal to be desired; it was richer in epithets than in ideas, and by its indiscriminate condemnation of the Irish players and all their works left them an easy opening for an effective and damaging reply.

Between these two extremes, unqualified eulogy and indiscriminate condemnation, the Irish dramatic movement has received scarcely any criticism worthy the name. The Dublin Press wavers between the two positions, according as its literary or its patriotic instincts happen to be uppermost at the moment. Neither in Ireland nor elsewhere has there been any genuine attempt to review the movement dispassionately or to estimate its true value as an interpreter of the soul of the Irish peasant. As an admirer of much of the work done by the Abbey Theatre company, I am here venturing to throw out a few suggestions, which may serve to explain their failure to capture a large section of Irish and American public opinion and to indicate how far the prevailing attitude of disapprobation is justified.

In conversation with returned travellers, specially those of decided and vigorous opinions, there is nothing more common than to find that in the countries which they visited they met with exactly those things which their theories had led them to expect. Particularly is this true of Ireland. A party of Liberal M.P.'s makes a tour and finds the people full of memories of "Buckshot" Forster and Mitchelstown, of rackrenting and evictions, awaiting Home Rule as the one remedy for the evils of the past. A party of Unionist M.P.'s visits the same district and finds the tenant-farmer sick and weary of agitation, anxious only to be allowed to develop his own resources under a benevolent Conservative despotism, freed for all time from the paid agitator and the

professional politician. The explanation of the phenomenon is not easy. It may be that the Irish character is a complex one, and that by exhibiting various aspects of himself to his various visitors the Irishman succeeds in creating not only contrary, but contradictory impressions in their minds. It may be that by a charming faculty of verbal deference he leaves his interlocutors with the idea that they alone have discovered the panacea for Ireland's ills. However that may be, it is a fact, although an often-forgotten one, that visitors to Ireland seldom carry away with them a complete knowledge of Irish characteristics.

The leading Irish dramatists of the present day are not visitors to Ireland. They have all of them been born and bred within its borders. Synge, Mr. Yeats and Mr. Lenox Robinson alike passed their early years in the Irish countryside. Geographically they are Irish writers as far as any writer in the English language can be an Irish writer. But there is an Ireland which is not to be found in the geography books, which is bounded not by four seas, but by history, religion and tradition! and of this Ireland I doubt whether Yeats, Synge or Robinson ever received the citizenship. They may be familiar with every glen in Wicklow and every island off the Galway coast, but I do not think they have ever penetrated into the recesses of the Irish mind.

It is not that Mr. Yeats, for instance, would ever set himself up as a representative of "England's faithful garrison." His politics are probably Nationalist, his sympathies with the people. But there is a great difference between being "with the people" and "of the people," and the man who would interpret the people's soul must be both. He must know them from the inside as well as from the outside if he would arrive at complete

comprehension. Mr. Yeats and his fellows know them well from the outside: to the deeper and more intimate knowledge they have never attained.

In every country there is a great gulf between rich and poor, between the governing class and the governed. In Ireland the gulf is wider and deeper than elsewhere: history, religion and tradition have all contributed to it. The type of the Irish peasant is more different from the type of which Mr. Yeats is representative than is the English laborer from the English gentleman. If an English working-man made money and was raised to the House of Lords, he, or at any rate his son, would not be of a very different temperament and mentality from his fellow-peers. But in whatever position an Irish peasant was placed, it would be many generations before he approximated to the type of the Irish Protestant landowner.

Wide as is the gulf, it may be bridged: there is no man in Ireland who understands the peasant better than Dr. Douglas Hyde, the son of a Protestant clergyman, and President of the Gaelic League. But the man who would bridge it must approach his task humbly and carefully; he must bring with him no preconceived ideas; he must put himself in sympathy with the peasant and take him as he finds him. Otherwise, the latter courteously adapts himself for the moment to the expectations which have been formed of his character. Dr. Hyde has succeeded; but it is not given to all to possess Dr. Hyde's sympathy and insight, least of all to men who start with preconceived ideas so definite and so assured as those of the Irish literary dramatist. It is to these preconceived ideas that I must ascribe the failure of the modern school of drama to understand and interpret Irish life.

It has often been pointed out how great an influence in Mr. W. B. Yeats' literary development has been exercised by certain modern literary schools, both in France and England. He himself would, I imagine, be the last person to disclaim his debt to Maeterlinck, to Villiers de l'Isle Adam, to Arthur Symonds and to half-a-dozen other writers whom I need not name. The technique of his art bears evident traces of many modern movements. Even his frequent use of the twelve-syllabled line instead of the ordinary decasyllable, perhaps his most important contribution to English poetry, is merely an adaptation of the French Alexandrine. Synge, too, spent a large portion of his literary career in Paris, and French influences can be felt in his dramatic technique. As for the followers of Yeats and Synge, they have had no need to go to France for technique: they have French methods served up to them at second-hand by Yeats and Synge.

Of course, there can be no possible objection to the adaptation by Anglo-Irish writers of French technical methods, or of the methods of any other language. What is more serious is that with the technique they have also imported some of the ideas of the "literary man" of London or Paris—ideas which, whatever be their merits, are singularly inappropriate in dealing with the Irish peasantry—and have placed them in the mouths of characters with Irish names. Mr. Yeats is conscious of the contrast between the intellectual world and the world of resident magistrates and retired colonels of militia; he has delineated in his drama, "Where there is Nothing," the mutual contempt and dislike of Paul Ruttledge, preacher of Nietzschean metaphysics, and Mr. Dowler and Colonel Lawley, respectable members of society. He has also realized, and rightly realized, the con-

trast between the magistrate and Charlie Ward, the tramp. But when he makes Paul Ruttledge and Charlie Ward congenial companions and insinuates that their ideas are similar, though differently expressed, he falls into the error of thinking that things which are contrary to the same thing are the same as one another. Mr. Yeats can only bring the philosopher and the tramp together on the principle that extremes meet, and even then he should remember that some extremes cannot meet without an explosion. It is a common error to suppose that because neither the literary man nor the manual laborer belong to the bourgeois classes they are therefore similar to each other; that is to say, it is a common error on the part of the literary man; the laborer seldom falls into it.

It is in this reaction against the bourgeoisie that both Mr. Yeats and Synge have thought to find common ground with the Irish peasant. Again and again in "Ideas of Good and Evil" we find the artificial tradition of the few in the great towns compared to the natural tradition of the dweller in Arran or Connemara: these two classes are held up as the two who could best appreciate literary drama at the present time: the poetry of these two is bracketed together and contrasted with that of Longfellow, the poet of the butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker.

But there is a positive side to the fancied resemblance as well as the merely negative side; and because there is actually a certain similarity between the modern poet and the peasant in one, though not the most important, of his aspects, it may be worth while analyzing it.

There is a prose tale of Mr. Yeats' called *The Crucifixion of the Outcast*. A gleeman, one of the old Irish bards, comes to the door of an Abbey and

asks for shelter. The lay-brother puts him in an outhouse with two sods of turf, a wisp of straw, a blanket, a loaf of bread and a jug of water. But the turf and the straw are damp, the bread is mouldy, the water foul, and the blanket full of fleas. The gleeman rises and curses the monastery and all the brothers. In the morning the monks take him out to crucify him, making him carry his cross. Three times on the way he stops: once he does for them all the tricks of Angus the Subtle-Hearted, once he tells them all the jests of Conan the Bald, and once he sings them the story of White-Breasted Deirdre. "And the young friars were mad to hear him, but when he had ended, they grew angry, and beat him for waking forgotten longings in their hearts." So they lead him to the top of the hill and there crucify him.

I think it would be permissible to read into this story an allegory of Ireland as Mr. Yeats sees it. First, we have the old pagan land, mother of mystery and magic, of poetry and song. Then Christianity comes, preoccupied with souls rather than art, ruthless towards her enemies, and brings to an end the old world of joy and laughter. Yet in the hearts even of her devotees arise, time and again, forgotten longings for the white breasts of Deirdre.

There is, of course, an element of truth in such a reading of modern Ireland, as there is in almost every reading. In Ireland, as well as in every other country, there are traces of the primitive, pagan life that existed before Christianity came to her shores. In the peasant, especially, living close to the soil, primitive habits persist both of thought and action. And it is by this pagan element that modern Irish dramatists have been chiefly attracted—by the superstitions that the Church has not

been able to crush, by the outbursts of primeval savagery that take place in the least savage of races. The ancient paganism of the wandering man, of the hunter, of the tiller of the soil, has been rediscovered, dragged into the light, and claimed as sister by the neo-paganism of the literary decadent.

The first mark of all paganism is the dethronement of reason, and the substitution for it of brute force under one name or another. Hence arose the doctrine of the Superman. The modern *littérateur* has set aside even brute force:

Where are now the warring kings?
An idle word is all their story . . .
Words alone are certain good. . .

He gives the palm instead to uncontrolled passion. Aodh, the bard, one of Mr. Yeats' heroes, is "blown hither and thither by love and anger; according to his mood he would fly now from one man and with blanched face, and would now show an extreme courage one man against many." Paul Ruttledge is blown about by his desires like a leaf before the wind, to a tinker's camp, to a monastery, and to a miserable death by the roadside. Forgael, in the *Shadowy Waters*, is led by a vague and formless desire over a boundless sea. Hanrahan the Red is ever mastered by love or drink or sorrow. So, too, in the works of Synge. The scene of the *Tinker's Wedding* is laid among a race of people who acknowledge no laws either of God or man, nomads and outcasts, as irresponsible and as trackless as the wind. Christy Mahon himself, the playboy of the western world, wins the hearts of Peggion Mike and the Widow Quin by the ungovernable passion which led him to "destroy his da with a blow of a loy."

Now, I have no wish to deny that this pagan element exists in the Irish

character. No one looking back on certain of the events of the Land War in Ireland could assert that the Irish peasant is not sometimes savage, uncontrollable and passionate. But I maintain, as every one who knows Ireland would maintain, that these qualities are not the only ones which go to make up his character: they are not even the most essential ones. Yet it is these qualities, and no others, which have been exploited by the Abbey Theatre dramatists. No wonder that their types are not universally recognized as true to life, when they have selected from the Irishman's complex personality those few attributes to which they feel themselves most akin, and have labelled them "Ireland." No wonder that Ireland and Irish-America refuse to acknowledge as Irish, characters devoid of those particular qualities which have distinguished Ireland in the eyes of the whole world.

Anyone who is familiar with the history of Ireland knows that religion enters into that history as into the history of no other country. Anyone who knows the Ireland of the present day knows that religion enters into her life as into the life of few other races. Even the most apparently secular events are not unconnected with things religious: the land-hunger, for instance, and the passionate desire for peasant-proprietorship are a modern form of the Catholic, mediæval ideal of the independence of the laborer. In any representation, therefore, of Irish life, the element of religion cannot be omitted or neglected: for by it that whole life is colored. A complete and satisfactory representation must deal with this strong religious element from a sympathetic standpoint; otherwise the artist will be approaching the life of the Irish peasant from the outside, and will misinterpret half his actions and

misjudge half his motives. Above all, he must beware of treating the religion of the peasant as a picturesque superstition, akin to this belief in fairies, which only influences him by appealing to the emotion of terror. It is one of the mainsprings of his action, and attempts to belittle it are mere falsifications of the truth.

But all this harmonizes ill with the preconceived ideas which the modern Irish dramatist has formed of his subject; it is hard to reconcile with the theory implied in *The Crucifixion of the Outcast*. It leaves little room for the paganism which Mr. Yeats and Synge suggest is the salient characteristic of the Irish peasant. How have they attempted to deal with the religion which, in one form or another, confronts their every step in Ireland, whether it is by the crowds going to Mass on Sunday or the sacred pictures hanging in every cottage.

Mr. Yeats' own ideas on the part played by Christianity in the development of Ireland are, I think, sufficiently indicated in *The Crucifixion of the Outcast*. As for its effect on the life of the individual Irishman, it would not be hard to collect quotations sufficiently representative of his opinion on the point. The Catholic religion, according to him, consists of a number of beliefs, more or less picturesque, which the Irish peasant holds together with a number of other beliefs relative to fairies, pookas, sowths and other supernatural beings. His old woman in the *Celtic Twilight* tells him details of Purgatory and pookas with the same degree of credulity. Irish Catholicism is, however, subject to variation, just as folk-tales vary from mouth to mouth and from district to district. The little girls in the *Celtic Twilight*, when asked if they have heard of Christ, answer: "Yes, but we do not like Him, for He would kill us if it were not for the Virgin."

Catholic belief is not in Mr. Yeats' eyes a very strong or enduring force; for in time of famine we find Shemus Rhua, the typical peasant, leaving it for devil-worship:

Satan pours the famine from his bag,
And I am minded to go pray to him . . .
(*Kicking a shrine of the Virgin Mary to pieces*)

. . . The Mother of God has dropped asleep,

And all her household things have gone to wrack. . . .

God and the Mother of God have dropped asleep,

For they are weary of the prayers and the candles. . . .

Nor can we wonder that the peasant deserts the God of Mr. Yeats' fancy for He is a God of the upper classes. One peasant is made to say to the Countess Kathleen:

The souls of us poor folk
Are not precious to God as your soul is.

Moreover, in the face of supernatural danger the rites of Christianity are powerless. The priest in the *Land of Heart's Desire*, uttering the most solemn invocations, cannot save Maire Bruin from the fairy child, even though she herself calls on Heaven to defend her. Father John, in the *Countess Kathleen*, although he is "murmuring many prayers," is lured by a demon, in the shape of a nine-mouthed bonyeen, over the edge of a quarry, and his soul thrust into the demon's bag. It is surprising that with such a conception of the religion of the Irish peasant Mr. Yeats has not been entirely successful in interpreting his character?

In the plays of Synge we find equally strange ideas on the relations of the Irish peasant to his religion and to the priesthood. Religion here is the mark of the weak-minded. Shawn Keogh, the poor-spirited lover in the "Playboy," when he is told to pass the night in the shebeen with

Pegeen Mike, cries out in horrified confusion:

I would and welcome, Michael James, but I'm afeard of Father Reilly; and what at all would the Holy Father and the Cardinals of Rome be saying if they heard I did the like of that?

And again:

Oh, Father Reilly and the saints of God, where will I hide myself to-day? Oh, St Joseph and St Patrick and St Brigid and St James, have mercy on me now.

The admirable and high-spirited Pegeen Mike, on the other hand, prefers a bolder type of admirer:

Where now will you meet the like of Daneen Sullivan, knocked the eye from a peeler; or Marcus Quin, God rest him, got six months for maiming ewes?

One cannot feel astonishment at the lukewarm feeling of the people for a Church whose priests are of the type portrayed in *The Tinker's Wedding*. This person, after haggling with a couple of tinkers about the marriage-fee they are to pay him, sits down with the foul-mouthed old woman, Mary Byrne, and drinks porter out of a tin can. He then proceeds to complain to the tinkers of the hard life of a priest in the following terms:

If it's starving you are itself, I'm thinking it's well for the like of you that do be drinking when there's drouth on you, and lying down to sleep when your legs are stiff. (*He sighs gloomily.*) What would you do if it was the like of myself you were, saying Mass with your mouth dry, and running east and west for a sick call maybe, and hearing the rural people again and they saying their sins?

The truth is that both Mr. Yeats and Synge started on their careers as Irish dramatists with ideals born of the literary coteries of London and Paris, ideals of uncontrollable passion

and of brute force. They found in the Irish peasant certain traits of character more or less in harmony with those ideals, and on that basis they proceeded to construct their plays. But they forgot, or could not see, that the most important element in Irish life, as in Irish history, is the religious element; and when they attempted to reduce that element to terms of neopaganism, they fell into ludicrous and glaring error. If the Ireland of the present day was the Ireland delineated by Mr. Yeats and Synge, it would be beyond the power of man to explain the paradox of her conduct under the Penal Laws. Judged in the light of history as well as of present-day experience, the modern Irish drama is a radical misinterpretation of Irish character.

To criticism of this type the Irish dramatists have one stereotyped reply. They claim that no one is compelled to treat exclusively of the normal in his literary works: the more abnormal a character may be, the more interesting and suggestive he should prove upon the stage. Scots do not complain of *Macbeth*: why should Irishmen take offense at Shemus Rhua or Pegeen Mike?

The answer is obvious. If dramatists are treating of the abnormal, they must treat of it as abnormal. They must not take an abnormal type and present it as the normal. It is here that the distinction lies between *Macbeth* and *The Playboy of the Western World*. In the former play there are indications of a sane and healthy public opinion: the average Scot is horrified at Duncan's murder: Shakespeare's indictment is against an individual, not against a nation. In Synge's hands the story would have taken a very different shape: *Macbeth* would openly exult in his murder, and Banquo and Macduff vie with one another in an ecstasy of enthusiastic

loyalty to the murderer: retribution would only follow when it was discovered that Duncan was not dead after all. A *Macbeth* of this type might reasonably be compared to the *Playboy*: between the *Playboy* and Shakespeare's *Macbeth* no possible comparison can be drawn. Even in the repertoire of the Abbey Theatre there is at least one play in which the abnormal is treated as abnormal. I refer to *The Building Fund* by Mr. William Boyle. Here the chief characters are a miserly old woman and the son and granddaughter, who are struggling to get her money. But a healthier public opinion is indicated by means of the collectors for the building of a new church, who represent the point of view of the normal, average individual. We are not confronted with the spectacle of a whole population with the saving of money for its only object in life. Mr. Boyle has in this play got nearer to a true presentation of the Irish countryman than any of the other Abbey Theatre dramatists, and for this reason: he has not started with a judgment of the Irish peasant formed out of Ireland; he has not set himself to seek out traces of that ancient and savage paganism which persists in Ireland as well as in every civilized country; he has judged the mentality of the Irish people by the light of experience, and not by the light of his own mentality. It would be well if other modern Irish dramatists would desert the Synge-Yeats tradition and adopt the saner and more wholesome outlook of Mr. Boyle.

The failure to understand the religious sense of the Irish people implies a corresponding failure to understand their patriotic sentiment, which, after all, is based on a religious feeling. Mr. Yeats, it is true, has given admirable expression to that sentiment in his short play, *Kathleen ni Houlihan*, and in certain of his lyrics.

The belief in Ireland and in Ireland's destinies has never been more beautifully expressed than in the lines:

But purer than a tall candle before the
Holy Rood

Is Kathleen the daughter of Houlihan,

which are, in fact, a transmutation into poetry of the old tag:

On our side is Virtue and Erin.

But in the majority of the productions of the Abbey Theatre the peasant is as devoid of patriotism as of religion: the lessons of history and of present-day experience are alike set aside in favor

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of an *a priori* conception of the peasant as the literary man would like to find him.

To those of us who entertained high hopes of a native Irish school of drama the present state of the Abbey Theatre is a continuous source of disappointment. Yet, even now, it is not too late for the younger members of that school to lift the movement out of the groove into which it has fallen, and to search for material, not in the dramas of Synge, but in the living realities of Irish life. It is on these lines alone that a really representative Irish school of drama can be produced.

Charles Beuley.

THE AESTHETIC PURPOSE OF BYZANTINE ARCHITECTURE.

The snowy barriers of the Himalayas do not divide the two mighty civilizations of Asia—the Chinese communism of Confucius, and the Indian individualism of Vedas, for Asia is one in regard to love for the Universal and the Ultimate—as the notions of form and color divide the East and the West. This is the standing antithesis between the art of the two continents. The art of the West rests on stability and decisiveness of form, which pertain almost exclusively to the intellectual part of the human Ego, whilst the art of the East depends on changeableness and volatility of color, which belong to the province of the senses. The Western temperament being intellectually strong, excels in form,¹ while the Eastern is sensually weak, and therefore its superiority rests on color. This verity becomes evident when one travels eastwards through the European towards the Asian Continent; as soon as one passes the Prussian boundaries, within which the dominating colors, especially in dress, are grey and black, the dominion of

bright hues seems to increase with every mile as one advances towards the mysterious East; the bright shades of red, blue, yellow and green resplend in the variegated dresses of peasants, who look like lovely wild flowers in the midst of the verdure of the fields of Galicia, Malo-Russia, and the Ukraine; and when one reaches Moscow, when one ascends the heights where the golden Kremlin glitters, and from that eminence looks on the Mecca of Russia, one is amazed at the liveliness and variety of rainbow-like colors lavishly displayed on walls, roofs, cupolas, and domes of churches and houses. One realizes then how universal is the sense of color in the East, how deeply it pervades the whole of life, how widely it is diffused even on trivial objects. In the Orient, where life is in its most primitive and simplest stage, color is manifested in the strongest manner and in the richest hues; so much so that it becomes a sense, that it is a natural element, while with us it is an acquired taste, put on the surface as a decoration of life and not a part of it. Color is not indigenous

¹ "Edinburgh Review," October 1904.

to Western life, and its presence may be rightly attributed to Eastern influence, which came to us by channels too many to enumerate; but it is sufficient to say that Alexander the Great and his followers brought to the West the polychrome decoration from the East, that this was inherited from Byzantium, whence it came to Venice and thence spread throughout the whole of Europe, while the invasion of the Moors introduced color into Spain. If we admire the glow in pictures of some of the masters of the Netherlands, it was brought there by that conjurer of brilliant hues, Rubens, from Venice, and the proud mistress of the Adriatic had learned it from her ally and friend, Constantinople; Reynolds, the greatest English colorist after Turner, brought also his rich suffusion of hues, and his great skill of melting down the obstruction of form from the town in which St. Mark's is the centre and heart of color inspiration.

It is clear, then, that one of the two essential elements of art, color, is supplied by the emotional and sensuous East; the other element, form, has been furnished by the intellectual and self-restrained West. As the great qualities of the color of the East are simplicity and strength, one finds the same attributes in the form of the West. The form of the West and color of the East are remarkable for opposite characteristics, for while Western feeble temerities of half tones and neutral tints look debilitated when compared with the opulent and full tones of Eastern color, the capricious, involved, eccentric, confused and fantastical shapes of Eastern form—in China, India, Japan, Persia, and Arabia—look weak, unstable, and undecided when compared with the Western form, full of virility, precision, restraint, and serenity. This is the result of the difference in the tempera-

ments of the people—according to Hippolyte Taine of the climate—the East being inhabited by races who are impotent because of their emotional character, and consequently wanting in that energy, strength of purpose, concentration, and sober judgment so necessary for the perfect mastery of form. It is true that in the classic temple, which was the simple conception of strong intellect, there was a certain amount of color; but in Greek architecture, ruled by the law of proportions, by the sense of decision and exactness, which constitute the foundation of the whole effect of structure, it was only like a smile on a lovely countenance, and only helped to produce the play of light and shadow; it only lent expression and animation to lintel construction of stone and marble, in which horizontal and perpendicular lines have a definite reciprocal relation; it was not essential to it.

The union of form and color was to produce a perfect work of art, for which the great qualities of power, of combination, of dogged perseverance, of steadfast endurance and self-sacrifice, were necessary. To accomplish this great work the Byzantine Greeks were called. Antioch and Alexandria² cultivated the ancient Hellenic traditions, but they modified them under the influence of the East. Following their example, Byzantium, a new town, having taken up in her turn the direction of the Greek art, was going to follow a road until now unknown. Hellenic culture influenced Byzantine art,³ while the East influenced the inheritance of free Greece, and taught her the hieratic gravity of attitudes, and especially the magic of color. The Byzantine art grew on the soil on which the capital of the triumphant

² "Histoire de l'Art," by A. Michel; see chapter on Byzantine Art, by Gabriel Millet.

³ "Orient oder Rom," by Strzygowski, "Fondements Helleniques de l'Art Byzantin," by Ajaalov.

Christ was built, and that new art was going to realize a dream of grandeur—the union of form and color. The Edict of Constantine, promulgated in 323 A.D., established the capital of the Eastern Empire at Byzantium originated by colonists from Megare, in the seventh century B.C., and it was there that there was to be created a new and wonderful masterpiece of art, in which the genius of the Byzantines succeeded in fusing in one peerless whole the Western, well defined and perfectly balanced form, with the elusive and capricious color brought from the dreary East by the victorious ancestors of the Greeks, and appropriated by their active and cultured colonists. Previously to this the unsurpassable Greek genius had gathered the architectural fragments, forms, and lines from Assyria, Babylonia, and Egypt, and had harmonized them in a perfect classical temple; now, stimulated by the opportunity furnished by the demands of a new capital of a great Empire, the Byzantines appropriated from the East the diffused attempts at color delineation and, uniting them with their former achievement in regard to form, created a new and perfect style, which was properly and rightly called Byzantine, because it was in Byzantium that were shaped, co-ordinated, and harmonized, new forms, formulas and canons; it was there that were manifested and realized aspirations which must be regarded as *la propre raison d'être de la nouvelle cité*.

Under Justinian, art reached its full expression and its golden age. When the lowest dregs of the people in Byzantium burnt, on the 15th of January, 532, the pre-Justinian church called Sophia, the work of restoration began on the 23rd of the following month, and the solemn dedication of the new structure took place on December 26th, 537! It was dedicated to nothing less

than "Holy Wisdom," and it illustrates well the great wisdom of the ruler at whose command it was erected; it shows in the highest degree the genius of the Byzantine Greeks, personified in Anthemius of Tralles and Isidorus of Miletus, the greatest architects that ever lived. The splendor and beauty of Santa Sophia shines above all man's creation, for it is a marvel of audacious logic, an inimitable and exceptional success. However, one must bear in mind that whilst the greatest eulogies are rightly bestowed upon that church—the most perfect yet erected by any Christian people—those praises must be applied only to the perfect representation of the Byzantine interior, for externally the building possesses little architectural beauty beyond what is due to its mass, and the varied outline arising from the mechanical contrivances necessary to resist the thrust of its internal construction.* The internal arrangements are complete and perfect, both from a mechanical and from an artistic point of view.

What, then, was the aesthetic purpose the Byzantines had set before themselves, when they conceived the plan of Santa Sophia, that wonderful and almost fairy-like construction, which has aroused the admiration and excited the astonishment of the whole artistic world? Santa Sophia owes its supreme position in the world of art not only to its magnitude and splendor, but to the mechanical skill of its builders, and especially to the intrinsic beauty of the interior, unequalled by the great mediæval cathedrals of Europe; for no Gothic architect ever rose to the conception of a hall 100 ft. wide, 250 ft. in length, and 180 ft. high. Neither the Pantheon nor any of the vaulted halls of Rome equals the nave of Santa Sophia in extent, or in cleverness of construction, or in beauty of design.

* "History of Architecture in all Countries," by James Fergusson.

Nor was there anything erected during the ten centuries which elapsed from the transference of the capital to Byzantium till the building of the great cathedrals which can be compared with it.*

It is evident from the Pantheon at Rome that the Romans had mastered the difficulties of domical construction long before the transference of the seat of power to Byzantium, the Pantheon being, up to this time, the largest single dome ever constructed by the hand of man. Simple and grand as it undoubtedly is, it has several defects in its design, and these defects the Byzantines remedied, and accomplished the extraordinary achievement of building the dome in the air and not on the ground, as did the Romans in the Pantheon. They have succeeded in raising into the immeasurable air the spherical-shaped great helmet of the dome,* which bending over, like the radiant heavens, embraces the church, and makes it beautiful indeed. And wondrous it is to see how the dome gradually rises, wide below, and growing less as it reaches higher.

It is true that other churches, built since, have great domes: St. Peter's at Rome, and Santa Maria's at Florence being each 126 ft.; St. Paul's, London, is within a foot of the same diameter; but these domes are only adjuncts to the whole of the church; none of them is integral with or supported by the rest of the design, and all tend to dwarf the buildings they are attached to, rather than heighten the general effect. Santa Sophia's dome alone is a perfect creation, for it constitutes an inseparable and indispensable part of the wondrous whole. This marvel of Greek genius was very ably described by Procopius of Caesarea[†] and sung by Paulus the

[†] James Fergusson, lib. cit.

^{*} *τολός*.

[†] "De Justiniani Imperatori œdificiis, libri sex," Parisiis, 1637.

Silentiary[‡] in a beautiful poem written in Homeric metre and phrasing. As a single dome of the area of the central and two semi-domes would not have appeared nearly as large, and would have overpowered everything else in the building, the great Byzantine architects avoided this by constructing a cluster of domes, rising one above the other, until they culminate in the wide, light, central dome. Thus the whole system is raised on a succession of concave surfaces, mutually self-supporting, and lesser domes, half domes, and segments of domes, holding together and rising like a pile of bubbles, realize their appropriate issue at last in the central perfect specimen, in which all culminate, and to which they converge.[§] Nothing so perfectly artistic has been built on the same scale before or since; in these arrangements Santa Sophia stands alone, and appears exceptional among the great structures of the world.

By building Hagia Sophia the Byzantines completed the Roman arch principle, for it is a composition arranged on such a basis. Those lofty curves, supported until they sweep victoriously in a culminating effort across the vast central gape, are the most perfect representation that exists in the world of the resources and possibilities that are latent in that principle. The result they achieved, in its purity and consistency, is far beyond anything the Romans had any conception of. This clearly demonstrates that the Byzantines contributed very largely, and in the most important manner, to the development of the science of construction by "the arrangement by which the thrust of the dome was received by the pendentives—the stone-work between

[‡] He was the chief of Royal Silentaries; they were Court officials; their office was an exalted one, as they ranked with the Senators, they were employed on all kinds of service, not unfrequently becoming the historians of the Emperor.

[§] "Edinburgh Review," men. cit.

the arches in the shape of a triangle, the lower angle of each triangle, being compressed where the arches unite, is slender, while the upper part becomes wider as it rises in the space between them—and transmitted by them to the supports, and that they created a new domical style which will remain for ever characteristic of their genius."

The daintily wrought and gracefully displayed flexures, winding throughout the whole interior, well delineated, marked out with distinctness, clearly defined and decidedly structural, were proposed as studies of form, and were united in such clearly marked arrangement that they constitute by themselves the most beautiful decoration ever conceived for an interior of a building, and required no other beautifying factor. However, this did not satisfy the Byzantines, who received from the sensuous East the love for color, and consequently Santa Sophia was most lavishly decorated with resplendent hues of costly mosaics. As the pristine splendor of the decorative color effect has been dimmed by time, and the Mussulmans have disfigured the adornment by partial obliteration and by the childish display of hideous round panels on which the "Arab's wisdom" assumes anything but a decorative effect, we must borrow from the Homeric description left to us by Paulus the Silentary, in order to have some idea of the result of the influence of the color brought from the East, united with the form of the West. Paulus sang:

"Yet who, even in the measure of Homer, shall sing of the marble pastures gathered on the lofty walls and spreading pavements of the mighty church. These the iron with its metal tooth has graved—the fresh green from Carystus, and many-colored marbles from the Phrygian range, in which a rosy blush mingles with white, or it shines bright with flowers of deep red and silver. There is a wealth of

porphyry, too, powdered with bright stars, that has once laden the river boat on the broad Nile. You would see an emerald green from Sparta, and the glittering marble, with many veins, which the tool has worked in from the deep bosom of the Italian hills, showing slanting streaks, blood-red and livid white, or which the Lybian sun, warming with his golden light, has nurtured in the deep-bosomed clefts of the hills of the Moors, of crocus color, glittering like gold; and the produce of the Celtic crags, a wealth of crystals, like milk poured here and there on a flesh of glittering black. There is the precious onyx, as if gold were shining through it; and the marble that the land of Atrax yields, not from some upland gien, but from the naval plains; in part, fresh green as the sea or emerald stone, or again like blue cornflowers in grass, with here and there a drift of fallen snow—a sweet mingled contrast on the dark shining surface."

This extraordinary lavishness of color adornment satisfies the writers on Byzantine art, and they use a profusion of superlatives to express their wonderment; but it did not content the genius of the Byzantine Greeks, who realized that Santa Sophia was only a most wonderful and perfect study of form. The reason for their dissatisfaction probably was that the rich mosaics did not become here an architectural motive; they did not determine the architectural style; they were reduced to a mere surface covering, to a decorative motive, and, consequently, they were of no real significance and true importance. The Byzantines understood this, and as they were moreover pressed by the Oriental sense of color as yet unrealized in art, Santa Sophia was left a solitary, unique, and inimitable manifestation of their most masterly attempt. They preserved the dome system of building, which they found most appropriate for the purpose of interior adornment, for the display of color

through the means of the new decorative material, viz., mosaic. Having come to the firm conclusion that if they wished to give a proper recognition in art to color, they must attenuate and even remove the importance of form, they determined to eliminate from their new structures friezes, pilasters, galleries, cornices, architraves, and archivolts; they further resolved to retain from the domical architecture they created while building Santa Sophia, rounded and curved shapes, for they thought these more advantageous for the use of the new building material and the display of color. Only when the peerless church consecrated to "Holy Wisdom" was completed within, they understood that the great display of crisp and lofty arches and well-defined architectural lines, graceful and varied curves, which constitute the main fascination and beauty of Justinian's unrivalled construction, must be made simpler, or even entirely excluded; they comprehended, too, that the domes and semi-domes, which in this masterful building were the greatest triumph of architecture, on account of their exquisite daintiness, charming gracefulness, and surprising variety of shape, must be made less elegant but larger, less dainty but deeper, less airy but lower, for only in that manner would the artists have larger spaces for the display of decorations, and only then would form not preponderate over color.

Another very important change introduced by the Greeks into the new style was the modification of light. For the purpose of showing to a better advantage the interior coloring, the Byzantines built their new churches in such a manner as to have in them more play of light and shade. They understood that abundance of light was advantageous for bringing out the beauty of form, but that for the keeping of the effect of glow of color, es-

pecially of mosaic, a solemn twilight was essential; for it is only in *chiaroscuro* that glow works. This important lesson the Greeks learned from Santa Sophia where there is such a profusion of light that under its influence the rich hues of mosaics look faded, strange as it seems, and as if sprinkled with grey ashes.

All these changes, concerning the interior decorations and manner of lighting the Byzantine churches, are so essential and of such consequence, that they show how erroneous is the notion of those who regard Santa Sophia as the prototype of Byzantine architecture, the glorious rays of which diffused throughout the Christian Orient and reached Palermo, Venice, Ravenna, Novgorod, Kieff, the Caucasus, and finally, after so many centuries,—this is most strange indeed!—London, where the most artistic cathedral was built at the end of the last and the beginning of the present century. The Greeks were right to be proud of their civilization, a pride which made them sing during solemn processions a *tro-paire* in which it was called "the eye of the world."

It is obvious that the Byzantine artists introduced those changes with a clearly defined purpose, namely, for the advantage of using mosaic as structural and not as decorative material, which went to make color the great factor in architecture.

In order to have a clear notion concerning the differences between decorative and structural employment of mosaic, one should bear in mind that architecture is a science of building, of manipulating form; and consequently, if one wishes to create a new architectural style, one is obliged to express an idea of a different form of construction. The Byzantines, after they built Santa Sophia, understood

¹⁰ "Art Byzantin," by Gabriel Millet, *ibid.*

that if they wished to create a new architectural style, they could no longer employ mosaic decoratively, this is to say superficially, for in that case the new material would not efface the whole structural system of marble, brick, or stone architecture; if mosaic should be applied merely as covering the material of which a building was constructed, that material would be visible, would not convey the notion of a different form of construction, and there would be nothing new. This is the most important point. Hence the already mentioned changes in domical system, which did not rest any longer on the wondrous variety of domes and semi-domes, and on the exquisite daintiness of well-defined shapes, but whose dominating features were spaces, as large as they could be obtained by the construction of vast domes, of plain vaults, and of deep apses, all darkened and solemn, lavishly covered with glittering gold and beautiful with figures and groups blooming with bright hues of blue and crimson predominating; in a word, the realization of the Eastern idea of color. By covering the walls with mosaics in that new manner, in buildings constructed for the purpose, the Greeks reached at last their aim—they discarded the defined and hard structural form, and made color an architectural motive.

The best examples of the elaboration of this theory are to be found in St. Mark's at Venice, and in three churches at Palermo, the Montreale Cathedral, the Capella Palatina, and the Martorana Chapel. St. Mark's is too well known to be described here, and it would suffice to say that although apparently it is built on the same domical system as is Santa Sophia, it is totally different; for while the admirable church of Constantinople is only a most able development of the arch principle, and an extraordinary elaboration of dome theory

as a constructive motive, in which color adorns form, in St. Mark's, where there is a complete absence of well-defined shapes, mosaic—that brittle, flexible, soft and plastic material—dictates the entire interior arrangement, and, in that manner, composes the structure and becomes the governing architectural factor. If Santa Sophia were stripped of all its marvellous mosaic adornment, it would remain as beautiful as ever—nay, its wondrous curves would have more decisive effect; but if the same were done to St. Mark's, the building would appear bare, and look like a caravan cut out in a rock, lacking in the elegance and variety at which one marvels in the church of "Holy Wisdom." In St. Mark's, mosaic is used in accordance with the principle which demands that the whole structural system belonging to stone or brick architecture must be entirely effaced; which in this case is so well accomplished that when one looks at those vast domes, deep recesses, and dim apses, one has the impression that the whole structure is built of solid gold, studded with precious stones, and not with bricks. This is the essential difference between the first achievement of the Byzantines at Constantinople and the further development of the notion of the control of color structure, for mosaic, being a plastic and soft building material, is a color material as well; consequently, when the Greeks gave preference to mosaic over putty, which possesses also softness and plasticity, in effect they employed color as an architectural motive. In that manner they succeeded in effacing the structural features of the old formal architecture and had, this time, created a new style.

Perhaps nowhere have the Greeks shown their pursuit of artistic effect better than in some Sicilian Byzantine churches. In the first place the Montreale Cathedral occupies a very impor-

tant position, not only by its imposing proportions, but also by the mosaic decoration in which the great struggle between the Eastern sense of color and the Western conception of form is evident, and the issue of that contest was whether mosaic should remain a decorative or structural material. In this building it is fully demonstrated that there where the Greeks, knowing what was at stake, succeeded in carrying out their notion of control of color over form, they have produced the most astonishing result, and shown to great advantage the structural value of mosaic by causing the rich folds of glittering gold to dominate the interior, and in that manner they placed the substantiality of the constructive material beyond all doubt. The victory of the Byzantines was here most complete. The mosaics displayed in the Montreale Cathedral astonish by their incomparable richness and splendor; one is dazzled by the beauty and confounded by the grandeur of the work;¹¹ one is awed by the multitude of figures displayed on a surface of six thousand square metres; one is seized with wonder while looking at those cunningly wrought forms of saints; one remains speechless at the daring of the artists; one feels the might, the grandeur, and the infinity of religion. God revealed in the Montreale Cathedral is the Almighty Lord, who demands homage and adoration.

In the Capella Palatina the Greeks were still more successful; for here, as the chapel is but a small building, the competition between the Byzantines and the Western artists was less acute, and consequently, while in the Montreale Cathedral the Greeks were given only the control of the apses, which is of lesser importance, in the Capella Palatina they succeeded in mastering the dome; this gave them a

fine chance to display to the best advantage their artistic pursuit and taste, which they did in such a manner that the Capella Palatina is the pearl of their art. Perhaps nowhere does one understand better the mighty and marvellous effect of color mosaic decorations, of which the Byzantines were so fond. While in the Montreale Cathedral one bends one's head in order to offer to the Lord the most respectful prayer, at the Capella Palatina one is inclined to ecstatic reverie.

However, the most successful and the most perfect little masterpiece the Byzantines ever built and decorated, is the Martorana Chapel. One may say, without falling into the pitfall of exaggeration, that it would be impossible adequately to express its unrivalled beauty in words, for it is the most significant construction in the world, notwithstanding its very small dimensions, not only because of its aesthetic importance, but also from this point of view, that here the Byzantines embodied in the best and clearest manner their idea at which they so steadily and so strenuously aimed; in that little building, in which they did not allow any structural element to appear, they have established as the authoritative law that mosaic must be employed not decoratively but structurally, and for this purpose they wrought the whole building in unbroken gold, which makes one believe that the whole is of precious material.

Nevertheless, the enthusiastic rapture over this perfect gem of Byzantine art should not make us depreciate the great importance of St. Mark's at Venice, for, in the first place, it was there that the positive assertion of the right of the material to establish laws in congruity with its own nature, which marks the solid treatment of mosaic and the true character of the style, was shown in a decisive manner; secondly, because no other building in

¹¹ "L'art Byzantin dans l'Italie Méridionale," by Ch. Diehl.

the world had more influence on art than had St. Mark's, by the medium of its marvellously glowing mosaics. This influence was felt and manifested, at first, amongst the Venetian painters, some of whom are still inimitable in their dazzling suffusion of color, and in their skill in softening hard shapes; thence it spread throughout the whole of Europe. It was through the intermediation of Venice, through her great

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love for Eastern civilization, that the sense of color brought from the East was diffused amongst the Western nations.

Thus through the spaces of the great church at Constantinople came rays of wondrous art, expelling clouds of care; and again through another church—at Venice—our mind became filled with the joy of color, both showing us the way to the living God.

Solasons.

"—AND A PERLE IN THE MYDDES."

CHAPTER IV.

I had the whole story on the following evening, as we sat together in the broken arch of the great window that had once lighted the banqueting-hall of the Lord Bishops of Welchester. Among the crumbled chambers laid open to the air owls flew and hooted like awakened spirits. They, and my little Ghost who sat dangling his heels over the broken ledge fifty feet above the earth, seemed to me the only real things in the world; the boys once more sliding and tussling on the frozen river in the distance became like ghosts of future ages—and yet, something in their calling voices rang with an echo out of the past . . . Nick at my side nodded.

"Ay, shut thy eyes, and it might be our fellows again," said he. "Gregory, and Walter, and Ambrose, and all. Though 'twasna often old Withun would let us abroad to do as we pleased. A' kept our noses pretty close to our tasks, and when 'twasna book-learning it was Do-Re-Mi till our throats ached. This was the time of holy-day for us boys, though, and December was a jolly month from Saint Nick to Holy Innocents."

"Hoo! hoo! hoo!" A white owl whirled past our ears.

"Who? Who? Who?" mocked Nick. "So the boys cried that Saint Nicholas

Eve afore I got my bishop's gloves. Gregory hankered for 'em, and might have had 'em for me. Little enow I was cut out for a Churchman, Tom! but I was the elder, and the leader in the choir (though none of us had *thy* alto), and Hugh Withun liked me, Lord knows why, for I would plague out his life seven times in a sen-night. A' read me a lesson on my responsibilities when they dressed me up in my fine vestments. 'Bethink thee, Nick,' says he, 'thy fellows look to thee for ensample this three weeks, thy person is become as sacred as our Lord Bishop's own, and thou shalt officiate in the Church, and say a Mass on Holy Innocents; and so thou must forget thy boy's body which is too prone to the frivolities of this world, and remember only thy immortal soul of which it is the rude casket. No pranks, Nick Cope, no pranks for thy credit's sake and mine.' 'I warrant thee, Withun!' says I, and poked at him with my crozier. Up goes his hand, itching for me. 'An leave my sacred person peace,' says I; 'tisna for such as thee to scourge it this three weeks!' And I strutted up and down mightily pleased with my grand clothes, my mitre, and my rings, and my owche, and the alb and tabard worked in gold and blue and scarlet. A' shook his bony finger in my face.

and says he, 'As ye will, Master Nick, but if thou do not prune thy manners, or if I catch thee running round the streets in thy episcopal gloves, or if thou be lax in school or choir (for all thy Bishopric), by so much as the winking of an eyelid—I will lay up such a leathering for thee *after* Holy Innocents as thou shalt remember me by to the end of thy days!' Thereat I laughed outright, for he had me fairly, and he did his best not to smile o' one side of his old puckered mouth, and says soberly, 'And now, whom wilt thou elect amongst thy fellows to be thy ministers this three weeks?' 'Tom Thacker shall swing the censer,' says I, and went on to name what others I would have, but there was no more smiles in him after that word."

"From the beginning he was jealous of your love for me," I murmured. A thousand tiny chambers in my heart were unsealing themselves as Nicholas spoke.

"If it was so," said Nick, "what a folly! A boy doesna love another boy and an old man in the same wise. Howbeit, thou wert my censor-swinger, and ever stood nighest me in all the jolly time that followed. Dost remember the procession to the Cathedral yonder for Vespers on Saint Nicholas, us all decked out so fine? and afterwards parading through the town from house to house, getting of monies in the name of Mother Church? and how—ha, ha!—I blessed them that gave liberally? and how we first knocked up the smithy that stood well-nigh in the Cathedral's self along the eastern wall, so that we boys would listen for the stroke on the anvil during choir-practice, and think on Marget instead of our parts—"

"Yes, yes! what happened to the smithy, Nick?"

"They reclaimed it, nigh two hundred years ago; it had been holy ground once, but fallen to ruins in our

times, and the Lord Bishops got rents for it from traders and craftsmen and such; and later on *they* went, and the east aisle was restored. I miss the clang o' the hammer lying in my tomb eleven months o' the year . . . Well, then, dost remember how Marget Catton came out o' the forge and ran alongside on the cobbles, with eyes for none but thee in thy new alb? and how Matt o' the Fenn laughed out at us when we came to his father, the baker's, and said, 'No man shall ever trap *me* in the livery o' the Church!' and his father said grimly, 'Yet thou shalt come to a baker's cap for all thy wild ways'; and a' doled us a mean bounty wi' the left hand, whereas Catton, the big smith, had given us freely with the right. (So 'twas a stingy blessing Master Baker had o' Nicholas Cope!) And dost remember how well we were supped in the Canon's room?—I had a choice of six of ye to eat with me, and thou, be sure, wast there—white bread and cider, we had, and meat and cheese. Um, um! And the junketings and entertainments to follow! 'twas a rare season for us lads, and Yule to crown it all!

"But little notion had we of the festival time that Yule was to be. For all suddenly, when my term was nigh spent, and I was stuck half the day conning the sermon they had writ for me to speak on Holy Innocents (stupid stuff, not such as I'd ha' preached out o' mine own mouth), came runners and riders to acquaint my Lord Bishop, a' was a good Yorkist, of the approach of who but Prince Edward and his uncle Earl Rivers, then northward bound for Ludlow Castle. And they were minded to hide in Welchester over Yule, at my Lord Bishop's entertainment. The to-do there was in kitchen and buttery and still-room! and the buzz and flutter among us lads. For we knew naught of the

Princeling, save that he was a boy even as ourselves, and it set our tongues clacking and our brains a-wondering. Gregory thought young Ned would have naught to do wi' the likes of us. 'Princes may not herd wi' choir-boys,' said he. 'But they may with God's chosen,' cries Ambrose, his eyes all shining, as his way was when he spoke of the Church; 'they may wi' bishops!' and so nodded at me, sitting over my page, my head between my hands. 'Nick's teeth 'ld chatter in his silly pate if he had but to say God-den to the Prince!' scoffs Gregory, to draw me; and cries I, 'Twould take more than a prince to make *my* teeth chatter; I'm afeared of no twelve-years' boy alive. If I do not get some sport wi' young Ned I'll swallow my sermon.' 'Thou'rt liker to swallow it an thou *dost*,' says Gregory, 'and be swallowed thyself by old Withun to boot; and what Mass we sing o' Holy Innocents 'll be for mercy o' thy soul. I think! I've wondered since if Gregory called that speech to mind in after days.

"Well, ere Christ's Eve went out, my Earl Rivers came in wi' his train and Prince Ned and Geoffrey Appsley—a disgrace to the post of whipping-boy, that one!"

"Whipping-boy, Nick?"

"Ay. Art in a new trouble, Tom?"

"Till Master Appsley's post is made plain."

"Why, why! doesna there be whipping-boys in these days?" demanded Nick curiously. "Your princelings still be flesh and blood, I suppose? What happens when they get 'emselves into hot water?"

"They probably scald."

"Well, well, and well!" Nicholas scratched his pate and pondered the matter. "Yet it sounds fair enow. So they take their own leatherings for their own misdeeds, eh?"

"Why not?"

"Princes, Tom! The world's grown hardy. But it sounds fair, ay, it does. Why, in our day the princelings had their whipping-boys, that took their punishment for 'em when they had done this, that, or t'other and needed their souls purged; and Geoffrey Appsley was young Ned's deputy to cheat the devil. A great tough beast, and a clinking coward to boot.

"We didna have more than a glimpse o' the Prince that day as he sat at supper (they served it in public against custom, because o' the season and the occasion), and we boys sang i' the gallery the while—look how 'tis broken away yonder, Tom. But he seemed a merry young cock, and we liked the looks o' him. A' laughed outright at the subtlety the cook had devised in his honor, his own figure done as natural as life in painted jellies so as to make a boy's mouth water. 'I hope I taste as handsome as I do smell and look, my Lord!' a' cries; and our master answers, 'Y'are of the savour England loves above all others, my Prince.' 'Yet the red rose smells stronger,' says Ned saucily, and my Lord Bishop, in a stern loud voice, 'The red rose is dead and its roots are withered in this land.' (And the land smelled Tudor, Tom, not ten years later, ha?) There was mummers and dancing fools come after the feast, but us lads was packed off to bed betimes, and I lay cudgelling my wits for a way of getting at the Prince on the morrow.

"Yule o' course was brimmed from sun-up to sun-down wi' Masses, and banquets, and frolic, and what not; but there came an hour after noon when all the bustle was left to the underlings, and the great ones slept off the dinner they had sat at from ten till one o' the clock, and we boys were left to our devices—a rest-time, said Hugh Withun, because we had a little Mystery to perform before the

Earl when supper was done. And it was in this hour Gregory scampered among us crying, 'Now's the time, Nick, to make good thy vaunt! They say in the buttery the Prince is shut into his chamber even as we, so fetch him out and we'll see what stuff he's made of.' I saw Gregory thought I dared not, but, 'Bide a bit!' I said, and I got into the full glory of my bishop's vestments, and even then I remember as thou pinned on the owche wi' the four bright stones and the pearl i' the middle, thou didst say, 'How ill this catches, Nick.' 'Twill serve,' I said, impatient to be gone. 'Be'st going so?' asked Gregory, and I told him, 'Ay,' for it was my notion I'd be stayed less i' the corridors if I met wi' any of the serving-folk, who had a big respect for my mitre, and none at all for my hood. 'Now,' says I, 'who will follow Daniel into the den of the lion, for only the brave deserves the sport.' And one after another hung back, and thou alone stood by me, saying, 'I'll go where thou leadest, Nick,—and Nick,' thou whispered, 'let's go play after on the ice?' So I got our necessities, and we crept away through the empty passages and down the little secret stair that gave on a postern in the menials' quarters. 'Twas a foul day without, dark drew early in, and that befriended us as we stole about the Castle wall. Erelong we were flinging lumps of snow at the window we knew to be the Prince-ling's. It fetched him swiftly; out comes his head and 'Who's below?' a' calls. '*Pax vobiscum!*' I pronounces, 'tis the Bishop's self.' He stares a little through the mirk, and then 'Thou imp!' a' splutters, and calls over's shoulder, 'Geoffrey, hi, 'tis the Child-Bishop come to give us a blessing'—and a second head cranes out o' the window. 'I'll give thee better sport than prayers an thou com'st to me,' I tells him. 'What then?' says Ned.

'Good skating yonder,' and I point to the Wele, a sheet of ice as it is this day. 'What, hast skates?' a' claps his hands. 'Not skates of Holland,' I confesses, 'we must do it in the old style on sheep-shanks—I have 'em under my tabard—and we'll find some stick or pole at the river-edge. So get a move on thee, for the wind's jolly nippy.'

"You're sure you said that, Nick?"

"As good as. I tell thee what, a chap canna keep track o' *all* the slang a' hears in four hundred years. Ned says, 'How will I come? the outer room is full o' my people in a stupor, and I'm no bird to fly through the air.' 'Ay, but on a rope o' sheets,' thou piped. And 'twas done in a twinkling, and four of us were running iceward for our lives. And when we reached the Wele we let up such a shout as I wonder did not waken my Earl Rivers a mlie away.

"We had the place to ourselves, for in those days the commoners didna herd on the river where it crossed the Bishop's privy fields, only little Marget in her furred hood crouched there, blowing her blue fingers, and then I knew why thou'dst hankered for the riverside.

"'Twas Ned and Nick and Geoff and Tom and Marget betwixt us soon enow, I warrant, and a merry hour we had cutting capers and teaching the Court boys how to skate on sheep's bones, clumsy contrivances to them accustomed to the fine new contraptions from the Netherlands, but the more rough-and-tumble the better the sport, and we was soon all heated with laughter. We had but the two pair o' shanks, and it was while thou and Geoffrey took a turn and skated off, Marget atween ye wi' a hand o' either for safety, that Ned's eye lights on my bishop's finery and he would be up to new games. 'Let's try 'em,' a' says, 'and thou take my purple—

I'll be Bishop to thy Prince awhile.' So I helped him into all the gear, and donned his silk jerkin, though 'twas a sumptuary sin in itself for me to wear the purple—yet I vow neither felt a sinner, only a jolly boy; some things be hard to straighten, Tom. And a' strutted up and down and bade me do this and that i' the name o' the Church, and I defied him i' the name o' the Crown and avised him think o' Becket, and on that a' excommunicated me, and so I ran at him wi' his scabbard and gave him chase, and he fled like a hare, dropping mitre and crozier as he ran, but was sore cumbered wi' the robes—so at last I toppled upon him, and it was while we was rolling one over t'other that we heard thee scream.

"There was never a sight of thee when we looked; only in the dark distance we saw Geoffrey running like one out o' his wits, and Marget far-off, standing in mid-ice, crying her loudest for us to come. Lord! how we took to our heels, Tom, I yelling thy name till I could yell no more for very hoarseness. I misremember how we came at last to the black water amid the broken ice where Marget shook and sobbed; but I was there afore Ned, who was still all bothered wi' those beastly robes. 'Where?' says I to Marget. 'Down there,' moans she; 'Geoffrey did it; a' tried to kiss me, and Tom hit him.' . . . Oh, Tom, 'twas a bad quarter-hour that next! I i' the water where I found thee and held on to thee wi' one arm, but could no more than keep thy head up; and Ned full length on's stomach on the safe ice, gripping me lest I went under; but each time a' crawled closer, the edge o' the ice gave, and we were but youngsters,—we hadna the means or the muscle to get thee out. It could ha' been done had Geoffrey Appsley stayed, but he went crazed wi' fear from the moment he pushed thee

under, and we never saw him again. We didna notice Marget run, but she brought help to us anon. 'Twas Matt o' the Fenn she'd found abroad i' the fields, and he had snatched up the crozier as he sped, and that wi' his strength an' cunning soon settled matters. Oh, Tom, how blue and bad thou wast when we laid thee out. I thought thee dead then; but we chafed thee and rubbed thee, our teeth all chattering vilely, and at last thou didst open thy eyes . . ."

Nick paused.

The end of his story came with difficulty; but this, I gathered, is what happened. Somehow I was smuggled into our quarters, and, with the help of a friendly maid, got to bed. Both Nick and I were in a bad way, but my ague was further advanced than his. Ned was caught, but never gave us away, and for his truancy was condemned to a sound beating. But Appsley being nowhere at hand to take it for him, the Prince's governor demanded of Withun the name of one of his boys to serve in Geoffrey's stead. And Withun gave the name of the boy he loved the least, and one of the Prince's gentlemen was sent to fetch me.

Nick, who was in a mortal scare for my life, and was battling with his chill until he might confess to Withun and make the best peace he could for us (for the prank was past hiding), asks—"What do ye want of Tom Thacker?"

"The loan of his body to save the Prince's soul," laughs the courtier; and Nick looks grimly at the frightened choristers and says, "Well, I be ready," and goes in my name.

What followed is confusion. Nick, already in a fever, fainted under the ordeal, and came to himself on the bed he was never more to rise from in life. He recalls the end only through delirium—Hugh Withun's woe and

fury at the bedside before he realized that the boy he loved was doomed; Nick's confession, and the old man's denunciation of the gross implety of the prank; finally, the discovery of the loss of the owche from the holy paraphernalia, so hastily gathered together and smuggled into the Castle after the tragedy.

"Young sinful!" flares Withun in his favorite's ear, "I tell thee, till that sacred jewel be found thy ghost shall walk from Saint Nicholas to Holy Innocents. *Thou* to be a bishop, *thou* to preach a sermon to thy fellows—unfit! unfit! . . . ah, Nicholas Cope, Nick! . . ."

Nick never preached his sermon. When Holy Innocents dawned they were measuring him for his coffin.

CHAPTER V.

I wired my expectant friends that I was ill, and settled down to three glad weeks with Nick. Whatever entertainment was going forward in Bridestow, there was no such sport as that afoot in Welchester, no such nights as I and my boy comrade passed in company. But you who read must be boys again, remember much and forget more, if you would understand. The glamor of adventure was upon us; we had an actual treasure to recover upon an ancient clue, and we made it the occasion of big deeds. Whether the owche had been dropped in Castle, mead, or river was past determining; and who knew that it lay where it was dropped? When we had haunted every cranny of the Castle ruins, from precipitous turrets, reached over the chasms of one-time stairways, to strange musty dungeons explored with candle-lamps, where we stirred up the dust and litter of God knows what experience of eld; when we had dug the flats beneath the stars, and hunted their dim and endless trails in the pitchy dark; when we had made

the perilous voyage of the Wele on "skates of Holland" (O, joyous Nick! I bought two pair as soon as might be), had scoured its banks for miles on either hand, and dragged its danger-holes, bringing to light much curious matter, but never a hint of the jewelled owche; a million chances of its ultimate fate opened new ways for us. We snatched at the thinnest pretext for wild trespasses which might have landed me in somewhat awkward places (it was Nick's secret woe that his ghostship rendered him immune from the delicious tremors of the transgressor); and his irresistible passion for doorbells resulted in more than one moment of difficult explanation for me, and unalloyed delight for the invisible truant.

One night when there was a bright moon we pitched our wickets on a deserted field, and Nick took his first instruction in the art of cricket,—a mystery he had pined to solve "these hundred years."

"To hear the choir-boys talk in summer," he said, "'tis somewhat after Handyn and Handoute, ha? but a sport to grow more crazed about than our old game. Lord! 'tis a hard matter to lie still i' the tomb and they chattering in whispers all about me! Didst ever see Jessop at the top o' his form, Tom? or Alf Minn, or Ranji, or W. G.? What's a Test, Tom?"

I forget how we decided that cricket practice was to assist in the recovery of the owche, but I know that Nick developed symptoms of a googlie which would have turned Bosanquet green.

So night slipped after night, merry and magical, and touched with an odd tenderness that did not lack its pangs as December drew to her close; and so Christ's Eve dawned and waned, and Nick and I lay under a hedge and watched the sunset fill the empty spaces of Welchester's ruins with

magnificent pageantry. The golden west was like a call of clarions, and painted clouds rode past the hollow windows, a procession of brilliant images, scarlet that trampled the sky like horses' feet, purple that flowed in like a kingly mantle. And afar, that constant shouting of boys in the evening . . .

"Huzza! huzza!" Nick sprang to his feet whirling his arms. "Welcome to the Prince! Welcome, Ned, welcome! Shout for him, Tom—huzza!"

"Huzza! huzza!" I joined my voice to his; and a small violet cloud, half-fringed with gold, swam in the vacancy above the banquet-hall . . .

That Christmas was a dark day, and shadows early filled the room in Margaret Venn's bakery where I sat awaiting the moment when my little Ghost would slip his tomb.

A party of singing children filed by the door, flooding the narrow alley with the strains of the Cherry-Tree Carol as they went; their voices passed into distance before they made an end. But one with a voice like the blackbird's pipe stayed under my window to give me the last words of the Christ-Child:

"O I shall be as dead, mother,
As the stones in the wall;
O the stones in the streets, mother,
Shall mourn for me all.

Upon Easter-day, mother,
My uprising shall be;
O the sun and the moon, mother,
Shall both rise with me."

I ran down to reward the youngster, passing old Mrs. Venn in the shop.

"Going out, sir?" she smiled.

"That boy deserves a six-pence, mother; he has a voice like honey."

"What boy, sir?"

"Didn't you hear the carols, Mrs. Venn?"

"You'll hardly catch 'em now, my dear, they're long gone by."

I glanced at her, and opened the door on Nick lounging in its shadow.

"A glad Yule to thee, Marget Catton! A glad Yule, Tom."

"Can you still see the singers, sir?"

"Just the last of them. I say, what a wind! I'm leaving you in an awful draught, Mrs. Venn."

I shut myself outside with Nick, who was rubbing his brows rather soberly.

"Merry Christmas, Nick! You're out early."

"Ay. The Great Ones are sleeping. 'Tis my occasion."

"What would you like to do?"

"Shall we go carolling for our friends, Tom? There be many set about getting pennies from them that hear, but few enow to sing out o' love to the deaf. Let's tune up some of our favorites, Tom."

"I'm afraid I've forgotten a good deal."

"Thou'lt get it again from me. Let us sing the Levy-Dew for Marget. She liked that."

"But Marget isn't deaf, Nick."

"Ay, she be—century-deaf," said Nick with a catch in his throat. "So come now:

"Here we bring new water
From the well so clear,
For to worship God with,
This Happy New Year.
Sing levy-dew, sing levy-dew,
The water and the wine;
The seven bright gold wires
And the bugles they do shine.

Sing reign of Fair Maid,
With gold upon her toe,—
Open you the West Door,
And turn the Old Year go:
Sing reign of Fair Maid,
With gold upon her chin,—
Open you the East Door,
And let the New Year in."

"Where now, Nick?"

"To the graveyard," said he, and there we turned; and there, that

Christmas afternoon, we lingered singing carols for the deaf.

For a newly-buried child Nick crooned the Virgin's Lullaby:

“This other night I saw a sight,
A mayd a cradle keep:
‘Lullay,’ she sung, and said among,
‘Lie still, my child, and sleep.’”

For an ancient lord he chose the Boar's Head Carol:

“The boares head in hands I bring,
With garlands gay and birds singing;
I pray you all help me to sing,
Qui estis in convivio.”

Old words and airs came back to me in fragments as we crept among the graves in the falling darkness.

“Here be some of our fellows, here lies jolly Gregory,” said Nick presently, as we found ourselves in the oldest part of the burying-ground. “Let's give 'em a rouser:

“The shepherd upon a hill he sat,
He had on him his tabard and his hat,
His tar-box, his pipe, and flagat;
And his name was called jolly jolly Wat.

For he was a good herd's-boy,
Ut hoy!

For in his pipe he made so much joy.”

There are ten verses in the Shepherd's Carol, and we sang them lustily from start to finish:

“Now may I well both hope and sing,
For I have been at Christ's bearing;
Home to my fellows now will I fling;
Christ of heaven to His bliss us bring.
Ut hoy!

For in his pipe he made so much joy.”

“Gregory set store by you,” said Nick. He lay on his face and knocked the bitten grass. “Hillo, old boy, dost hear?” he called. “Tom,” he sat up looking around with puzzled eyes, “what be they up to wi' the graves here? They be all digged about, and their stones down-turned.”

“I think they've been shifting some

of the coffins, Nick. I noticed it the day I came.”

“Then 'tis a howling shame!” cried Nick. I heard his teeth chattering as he spoke. “Ay, 'tis! Why canna they leave old bones in peace? Hugh Withun lay yonder—see, even his monument uprooted too!” He ran forward and caressed the rotting slab that lay beside a pile of rubbish; broken earth and stones and splinters.

“Oh, Withun, where dost be? Can I not sing for thee as for the rest? Wilt never hear thy bad boy's voice again?—

“There is no rose of swych virtue
As is the rose that bare Jhesu.

Alleluia!

“Which of all this dust be thou, Withun? laid open thus to the bitter air! . . . Tom, is that thee shivering?—

“For in this rose contained was
Heven and erth in litil space;
Res miranda!

“Sing, Tom, sing wi' me, for I canna keep my teeth steady. Try to like him, Tom, a' loved thy volce.

“By that rose we well may see
There be one God in persons three;
Parea forma!

The angeles sungen the shepherdes to
Gloria in excelsis Deo;
Gaudcamus!”

“What be this here?

“‘Leve we all this worldly mirth,’
[Look, Tom!]

‘And follow we this joyful birth.
Transeamus!’

“Tom, what is it?”

CHAPTER VI.

He handed me a small and curious object: it appeared to be a box of iron, but a box that had no opening, being soldered about lid and hinge until one might have supposed it solid, but that

something rattled within when it was shaken.

"Where did you find this, Nick?" I put my hand to my head, which was beginning to ache violently, and the wind cut through me with unendurable sharpness.

"Among yon rubble. Dost think thou canst prise it open? My hands be so cold I canna put strength to it, yet my brain's like a stew full o' pepper. Do let's get at the innards, Tom."

"This needs tool-work, Nick. I'll have it opened to-morrow, and you shall see it in the evening."

"Ay, wilt thou be here?" said Nick, staring strangely.

"Yes, of course, old fellow. I say, get under my coat—this wind is freezing."

I felt his small body shaking and burning against mine.

"Art very angry wi' me?" he asked suddenly.

"I, Nick!"

"I know 'twas a folly, I know I shouldna ha' gone abroad in my gear, and the gloves too. Thou didst warn me o' that, but I was ever breaking rules. Withun, lift me up, the breath catches in my ribs."

"Nick . . . Nick!"

"Ay, be thou not vexed wi' me, nor wi' Tom Thacker—see to Tom, wilt thou. Withun? he was never a tough one like me. I'll find my owche, old Withun, when I be better, I'll seek day and night till it be found, I will na rest till then . . . Dost thou not say 'tis a sin o' my immortal soul until my owche be found? How shall I rest till then? . . ."

I prefer not to dwell upon the profound misery of the hours that followed. My annual illness had me in thrall, and Nick was in worse case than myself. He did not recognize me again. I do not remember how we

parted. I only recall finding myself in the hands of old Mrs. Venn, and the darkest terror of that delirious night lay in the thought that the morrow might bring to me no Nick at all.

In the morning, to the woe of my kind nurse, I insisted on getting up. She must have found me a bad patient. I declined a doctor with vehemence; he would, I knew, forbid my outgoing. When Mrs. Venn saw me make for the door she wrung her hands.

"You'll catch your death!" she moaned.

"But I must go. I must find a smith."

I know she thought me out of my wits.

"What for, my dear?"

"I must get this open to-day." Nick's find was in my hand. I had made a promise, and its fulfilment was the last grace I could show him. It seemed to me as though I dared not go to meet him with that small casket still unopened.

"But it is Boxing-Day, sir," she reminded me.

"Well, I must get hold of someone."

"Give it to me," she said soothingly.

"I'll see to it. Go sit by the fire now, do, my dear, and take your gruel."

In an hour she had returned, and laid the box beside me, its lid wrenched off. I did not examine the contents until I was alone. First a slip of parchment, scrawled with Latin in a crabbed and ancient hand—one sentence only—

"Lord, in the Day of Judgment when this sin shall come to light, have mercy on the souls of Hugh Withun and Nicholas Cope."

I knit my brows and tried to understand it. But the puzzle was beyond me. "This sin." What sin?

Returning to the casket, I shook out its sole remaining contents: an antique brooch and beaten gold, set with

four dulled gems and a pearl in the middle.

CHAPTER VII

Nothing now would have kept me from seeking Nick this day, and I prayed from my soul for a glimpse of him—an instant's respite only in which to restore to him the lost treasure that would bring him joy and peace.

When dusk came I watched my opportunity, eluded my nurse, and slipped out, muffled in my warmest things. In the pocket of my greatcoat lay the thrice-precious jewel.

I looked for Nick first about the Cathedral grounds, but he was not there. Then I turned in the direction of the Castle, and amongst the ruins I found him—stretched out on the floor of the room where, he had told me, we boys had been wont to sleep. He was flushed and breathing heavily, and seemed half-conscious only; but my step aroused him, and he welcomed me with eyes too bright.

“Where hast been so long?” he said.

“Nick, I've news for you, good news!”

“Ay, but let me speak. Oh, I have forgot my sermon, and Holy Innocents is hard upon us. When is it? To-morrow? Nay, next day. Bring me my sermon to con, I shall make hash of it else.”

“Never mind your sermon, dear old chap. Listen——”

“Ay, let sermon go. I shallna speak it, I reckon. Now tell me, Withun”——(the name was an arrow in my heart)——“tell me *truly*, if I die afore my owche be found, must my spirit walk from Saint Nicholas to Childermas—must it, Withun?”

“Yes, but, Nicholas——”

“Withun! Withun!” Two feverish little hands gripped me. “Let me not die afore my term be out! let me not. Withun. I do na want to be buried among the bishops; I want to lie wi’

my mates. What will I do the year-long in that solemn place, that house o’ stone where the sun so rarely comes? Lonely I’ll lie there, and full o’ longing. I be a boy, I be no bishop—I want the earth and the air, and the moon and the sun, and the sound o’ boys’ feet trampling in the grass, and the call o’ boys’ voices in the playing-fields, and the hearts o’ my fellows beating wi’ mine under the living sod. Oh, Withun, shall I die afore my term be sped? Lift me a little—the breath hurts still—I want to see thy eyes to tell me truly . . . I canna see them, they be too wet . . . Ay, well. So I must lie i’ the church wi’ the old ones and the great ones, I that be young and small; but, ha, ha! Withun! I shall a little cheat ‘em! I shall escape ‘em once in a twelvemonth, eh? I shall get my holy-day come each December, eh? I have thy word for that—my three good weeks to seek the owche I lost; oh, never, never, never be it found! . . .

“What was thy news?”

“My news, old fellow?”

“Ay, thy good news, Withun.”

“Why . . . that Tom Thacker’s better, Nick, and sends his love.”

“Give him mine, Withun. Look to him kindly, Withun. Oh, Withun, lift me up . . .”

But there was nothing to lift. The ghost of Nicholas Cope slipped through my arms.

CHAPTER VIII.

Repassing the Cathedral, before I turned the angle of the East Wall I heard an anvil clinking in the night. “Catton’s at some work,” I thought. My hand thrust into my pocket closed on the fragments of the iron box whose contents Withun had carried to his grave. “To-morrow I will get this re-soldered.” I came round the corner where Catton’s forge once stood.

The cold wall only met me, the ring of the hammer fell silent, . . . but was it imagination that an old spare figure, with a face like puckered parchment, slid past me out of the shadows hugging a secret object to its breast? . . . I turned my head and there was nothing.

"God rest your soul, Hugh Withun," I said, "and let us be friends at last; for I too have found our boy's lost owche, and taken the guilt of its loss on my own shoulders for his dear sake."

That night in my room I added three words to the Latin script upon the parchment, and the tiny casket, which was soldered in my presence on the morrow, contained, besides the jewel, a plea for mercy on the souls of Hugh Withun, Nicholas Cope, and Thomas Thacker.

CHAPTER IX.

On the morning of the 28th I attended service in the Cathedral. It was against my nurse's wish, but my chill was abating, and this was to be my valediction to Welchester. Nothing now detained me, and I meant to join my friends in Bridestow with as little delay as possible.

As I entered the doors I passed my old verger, and a moment later heard him whisper to one behind me—

"Your gentleman still looks very bad."

"He's better than he was, Mr. Withers," murmured a voice I knew, and glancing back I saw that Margaret Venn was following in my wake. She looked a scared apology, but I smiled and waited for her, and we took our seats together.

I could not fix my thoughts on the service. Concentration is difficult in certain periods of convalescence. Most of the time I sat with my hands over my eyes, thinking of Nick lying not far away, and wondering whether he found the sermon dull. The text, as

being appropriate I suppose to the day, was "Suffer little children . . ." I hardly heard the words, but the voice of the preacher was of a wonderful sweetness . . .

A soft hand touched my knee. I uncovered my eyes. Beside me sat a little girl, a charming child, rosy and smiling. I had not observed her before. Nor had I observed that the entire congregation was one of children, their eyes, alert and friendly beyond the wont of youngsters in church, all fixed upon the pulpit. No, there was one man among the flock, a lean old fellow, in a black robe, sitting in a far corner; and his eyes also burned upon the preacher. The children were dressed in a fashion familiar to me; I glanced down at my own long hose . . .

"Tom!"

"Hello, Marget!"

"Doesna he look splendid!"

Then I, too, turned to the pulpit, and there saw Nicholas Cope in all his bravery. He grinned across at me, and had ado, I knew, not to wave his hand.

". . . and lastly," said Nicholas Cope, "I tell ye this. Christ has a liking for fun and good sport and a laughing heart. A'll damn no boy for pure mischief, so it *was* pure mischief—for, fellows, mischief can be crooked too; and we all know, better than them that leathers us after the act, whether ours was the crooked sort or no. And, another thing, a chap must learn to take his own leatherings—ay, though he be a prince he must!—and to bear 'em w'l' a good grace and not whimper, for 'twas up to him if a' chose to swallow the jam afore a' gulped down the powder, and don't ye forget it. It's cheek o' me to be up here talking morality at ye when ye all know me the worst truant o' the pack: I never could keep my mind o'

my book when window was open and earth called . . . but God made the earth, and man only made the lesson, an' I don't believe He's angry wi' a chap for loving His work the better o' the two—He shouldna ha' made boys and ice to be in one season if He hadna wanted 'em to come together. May he forgive me my sins; I've had a jolly good time, and I canna think He grudged me. For Christ's Self was one time a child like us, and that's why A' keeps a smile for our mirth so well as a tear for our sorrow.

"Let us now sing the Carol o' the Cherry-Tree to the glory of the Virgin and her Child—up wi' ye all, and lustily:

"Joseph was an old man
And an old man was he."

Voices of children, a bright wave of them, flooded the Cathedral to the roof. But something checked my throat, and Nick, I could scarcely see for a swimming in my eyes. I only knew that he was looking fixedly upon me through all the singing, and that before the final verse he was descending from the pulpit and coming my way. Beside my seat he paused, and his voice rang in my ear like a bell heard in a mist:

"O I shall be as dead, Tom,
As the stones in the wall;
O the stones in the streets, Tom,
Shall mourn for me all.

"Upon Saint Nicholas next, Tom,
My uprising shall be,
O the sun and the moon and thou,
Tom Thacker,
Shall all rise with me"

"Are you not coming?—do you feel so bad, my dear?"

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The congregation was almost dispersed. Margaret Venn and I alone kept our seats.

"In a few minutes, mother. No, I'm as right as rain—really. Trot home now; I'll be there soon to get my box strapped."

She left me; and I stepped along the empty grandeur of that place, once to touch in farewell the hand of Nicholas Cope, where he lay among the noble tombs of four of Mother Church's brightest gems, a pearl in their midst.

CHAPTER X.

On my friend's estate in Bridestow there is a well reported to be bottomless. Soon after my arrival I demanded an introduction to it, and my hostess, full of welcome and commiseration, led the way.

"Too bad, you missed the best of the fun," she chattered. "You don't look very grand even now—I hope you didn't come on to us too soon—however, we'll nurse you round as fit as a fiddle for New Year and Twelfth-Night. And next year you must be sure and be here for Christmas."

"I'm afraid you mustn't count on me."

"Oh, come, now!" She shook her head laughingly. "A prior engagement, I suppose?"

"Yes, a prior engagement."

"So likely, isn't it! Here's the well. You wouldn't believe how long it is before one hears the splash. Let's find a stone or something."

"This will do." I drew my hand from my pocket.

"What is it? (There! have you dropped it?) Nothing that matters, I hope. It's past recovery now till Judgment Day. Listen!"

Faint and far I heard the splash.

Eleanor Farjeon.

VICTORIAN VERSE.*

An anthology of Victorian poetry, designed to stand beside the same editor's admired "Oxford Book of English Verse," finds a high standard of judgment awaiting it. But if it is as good as we expect it to be, its place is vacant and ready for it; for undoubtedly the least satisfactory part of its predecessor was that devoted to the Victorians. What seemed sins of omission in those pages could not reasonably be objected to; the demands of space had to be held responsible. But there were also eccentric inclusions, unheard-of poets, verses which seemed to owe their place there to a personal fantasy. Of course the whole collection was in one sense personal, and rightly so; they were the poems which one man admired, not merely those which everybody has agreed to admire. But when the man is Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, we expect, even when we do not agree with his taste, to be able to discern the kind of line he would take, if challenged, in defending and explaining his judgments; and there were not a few of the poems offered us which certainly seemed beyond defence.

Sir Arthur expressly disclaims (in the preface to his new volume) the view that an anthologist should devote himself to rescuing stray, half-forgotten poems, leaving the known writers in their security and searching out the occasional happy inspirations of the unknown. He rejects this theory on the ground that most of such *trouvailles* would "be found on examination to miss being first-rate" and to have deserved their lot; "at all events," he says, "they must await another rescuer." This is oddly ex-

pressed. It would seem to say that this anthologist has confined himself to the broad highway, plucking only from the well-known names. This was not the rule of the earlier volume, and is still less so of the new one. An anthology, indeed, would be a tame affair if it denied itself the right to adventure in unfamiliar by-paths. But as Sir Arthur's precept has no relation to his practice in this matter, it need not delay us. We cannot miss the implication, however, that he has refused everything which falls short of being first-rate. That is most proper, and no impossible standard, when we remember (what Sir Arthur has implicitly denied) that the first-rate is as likely to be found in minor poetry as in major—in other words, that the first-rate, though of one quality, is of all kinds. We leave the preface and turn over the poems themselves, seven hundred and seventy-nine of them, filling all but a thousand pages. "Victorian" is a word which has a moral as well as a temporal meaning, and Sir Arthur was clearly right to take advantage of the former in settling where he was going to begin. Landor, who heads the list, came of age some five and twenty years before the death of George III., but he belongs to Victorian times as certainly as Wordsworth (only five years his senior) does not. On the other hand, can any meaning of the word, literal or other, cover the poet who closes the procession—Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie—whose work, with that of several yet younger writers, also included, belongs by every affinity (as well as by time) to the twentieth century? However, strictness in this would be pedantic, and the last fifty or sixty pages of the book, which are roughly all that strictness would

* The Oxford Book of Victorian Verse: Chosen by Arthur Quiller-Couch. (Oxford: Clarendon Press, London: Frowde, 6s. net.)

rule out, are too interesting to be sacrificed, and we shall need them presently to point one of the morals which the whole collection suggests. But before we get to that, some description must be given of the collection itself.

As the number of poets represented is something over two hundred and seventy, of whom about one in five will probably be quite unknown to most readers even by name, it is evident that the editor, so far from avoiding the out-of-the-way places, has been peculiarly successful in discovering merit in them. He has found it in all corners of the British Islands, in many parts of the Empire, and in several of the United States. Mrs. Browning is followed by Nathaniel Parker Willis, Thackeray by Henry Ellison, Emily Brontë by Ernest Charles Jones, Robert Bridges by Samuel Waddington. It can scarcely have been within one day's journey that he secured either of these pairs. But it is the privilege of anthologies to arrange these queer alliances; and if we find it disconcerting to pass, for example, from the swaying rhythms and the wonderful phrases of Whitman's "Out of the cradle endlessly rocking" straight into a meek little rondeau by Charles Dent Bell (whoever he may be), or from a lyric which sings that

The love she coyly hid at heart
Was shyly conscious in her eye

to the radiant beauty of "Love in the Valley," we reflect that nothing compels us to read page by page, and that a book like this is meant to wander in, not to march through. So we skip the love she coyly hid for the richer pabulum of Meredith, wondering presently why, if room could be found for one of the slightest of his lyrics, the tragic magnificence of "Modern Love" should be entirely unrepresented. We pause next at Christina Rossetti, a generous and good selection, though

we miss "Where sunless rivers weep" and "Come to me in the silence of the night." There follow three of Jean Ingelow's admirable ballads, and a handful from the interesting, provoking poems of T. E. Brown. Lytton (the younger) is reduced to an inconspicuous page and a half, but he is not a poet who can be conspicuous with safety. The next poet arrests us; his name is not familiar to us, but if he is fairly represented here, the admission can be made without shame. This is his quality:

A golden bee a-cometh
O'er the mere, glassy mere.
And a merry tale he hummeth
In my ear.

How he seized and kiss'd a blossom
From its true thorny tree,
Pluck'd and placed in Annie's bosom,
Hums the bee!

This is a complete poem. Three others by the same writer, on the same level of passion and execution, are included by Sir Arthur; and we are abruptly stopped in our search to face the question—What, then, is his standard of the first-rate? Which of its conditions can be satisfied by this unhappy little snatch? If such trifles are not neatly turned they are nothing; and neatness is a quality it would be difficult to claim for this one. "Album verse" is better represented, it is true, in other parts of the volume. Frederick Locker, Lowell, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and Mr. Austin Dobson are all there, making the poet of the bee look all the shabbier by their trimness. But he easily escapes notice in the tracts of inferiority, of the more ambitious kinds, which we discover elsewhere, as soon as we begin to look out for the bad rather than the good. Whittier wrote some pleasing verses and one or two beautiful poems; Sir Samuel Ferguson, the Irish antiquary, did some useful work in preparing the way for Synge and Lady Gregory;

each of them is here allowed more space than either Whitman or Coventry Patmore. James Thomson had an interesting poetic gift, but it would be difficult to justify his claim to occupy thirteen pages in a volume where Christina Rossetti gets only eleven and her brother a good deal less. Similarly Robert Buchanan bulks larger than Robert Bridges, Sydney Dobell and Roden Noel than either Frederick or Charles Tennyson. These are hardly proportions which commend or explain themselves.

Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch seems indeed to be fatally attracted by a species of poetry which might perhaps be considered worthy of attention in a study of the Victorian mind, but which is quite out of place in a collection like this. This is the poetry which exemplifies the Victorian taste for romance and its incapacity to analyze what is really meant by the word. Picturesque names, hectic metres, slack phrasing, and over it all the unmistakable thin air of the drawing-room—of such is a vast quantity of the verse produced by the lesser writers in the middle decades of Queen Victoria's reign. In the kind of literary history which shades off into the history of taste and manners these things are instructive. They show the great romantic impulse of a hundred years ago still persisting and still trying to support itself on sentimental visions. There was still hope that vagueness and ecstasy were enough for romance; if the creature seemed to drop after all, you must try again and make sentiment revel in itself still more lovingly. The influence of Tennyson, no doubt, counted enormously in all this. It was not so much that the influence was bad in itself, though it did in fact affect smaller writers as such overpowering influences will, more through his weakness than his strength. It was rather that he seemed

in those days to have settled once for all what poetry was. Poetry was, in short, the poetry of Tennyson, and the question needed to be no further considered. Hence, of course, plenty of direct imitation. But the effect of this submissiveness spread wider than those who simply tried to write as like Tennyson as they could. Poetry, even where it tried to express itself sincerely, was relieved from all necessity of examining its aims and objects; all that had been decided, and the poet had nothing to do but to write as prettily as he was able. A standard of beauty which is put on one side as final and inviolate is worse than useless. Nothing can keep art alive but the existence of a standard which is itself perpetually subject to criticism. Unfortunately the criticism it generally gets (when at last attention is called to it) is mere rejection, which leaves things no better off than before. Yet there is more hope for the future in chaos than in numbness; and the years in which only Tennyson was allowed in the holy of holies, in which the only news of what there was there had to come through him, seem now a depressing interlude as far as the lesser figures are concerned. Many lessons may be drawn from it. One is that whenever art is thus held stationary it does not even acquire mechanical skill of hand. It might be supposed that when writers are not harassed by the desire to peer and search, each man for himself, among the possibilities of beauty, they would have leisure for an amount of serene practice which would at least bring the general level of expression to a high pitch of ease and finish. The ragged, imperfect workmanship of page upon page of Sir Arthur's poets dispels any such idea. Take a specimen picked at random:

In the spring twilight, in the color'd twilight,

Whereto the latter primroses are stars,
 An early nightingale
 Letteth her love adown the tender wind,
 That thro' the eglantine
 In mixed delight the fragrant music
 bloweth
 On to me,
 Where in the twilight, in the color'd
 twilight,
 I sit beside the thorn upon the hill.
 The mavis sings upon the old oak tree
 Sweet and strong,
 Strong and sweet,
 Soft, sweet, and strong,
 And with his voice interpreteth the silence
 Of the dim vale when Philomel is
 mute!

The poem of which these are the first lines (it is one of Sydney Dobell's) has a soft wavering charm about it which shall not be disparaged; but the writer seems to have no hold whatever upon the form he is using. The lines slip from his grasp; he can manage a full phrase of ordinary length, as in the second and fourth lines, but his attempts to vary that rhythm are artless indeed. He cannot even have seen the difficulty of this kind of metrical scheme, or he would at least have tried to keep triviality out of the short lines, where it is most conspicuous. "On to me" is enough to show how little the writer understood that if he took care of the short lines the long ones would take care of themselves. One might use the same sort of analysis on the wording of these lines, as well as on that of scores of others in the volume, to illustrate the lack of style understood and controlled. But, though a book which gives by selection a complete account of Victorian poetry, in its leanness as well as in its richness, is interesting in its way, it is not the book the editor led us to expect.

Distressing examples of the flatness to which this particular book condescends might be multiplied readily enough; but it is more useful to push

on to the later pages, which still await us, to try to say something of the welcome change in the poetical atmosphere which meets us as we do so. The sense of style, the hand that has learnt its work, these seem suddenly to become the property of everybody. The close and beautiful texture which in the earlier generations belonged only to the poets of outstanding genius now appears, in all shades of variety, in one writer after another. The source of this remarkable rehabilitation of the craft lies, no doubt, in the revival (for whatever reason) of a speculative interest in the art. The questions which have been put to the theory of art may not have been always very searching, nor the answers extracted from it conclusive; but the mere fact that for the last thirty years these matters have more and more occupied, not merely professed students, but all educated people is enough for our purpose. Perceptions have become quickened, discriminations made more closely, and the whole standard of execution raised for all who practice the art of verse. It has been discovered how much may be done, by taking thought, to turn a moderate gift into a fine talent. There is no form of art which is to-day more thoroughly alive in this country than that of verse. There may or may not be genius at work among us; the question is an irrelevant one, for it cannot be answered. What is certain is that the nature of good workmanship is understood, and that a very large quantity of it is being produced every year.

But workmanship, execution, style, are words of which we must be careful not to narrow the application. It is not a mere question of an expressive vocabulary and a sensitive ear. Style, in particular, is a word which has been so mishandled that it is now much out of favor. But its misfor-

tunes have not been its fault. Its meaning was understood to be limited to the shaping and coloring of the phrase; so that when certain English writers began to follow the French in speaking of it as the beginning and end of good writing plain people, who felt that there was, after all, something more in literature than words and their order, revolted and declared that it was only a bundle of tiresome tricks, better discarded altogether. Style has triumphed none the less (at least in verse), though the word has, to a large extent, gone out of fashion. We should learn to use it again and to use it more accurately. It is an arbitrary limitation to make it mean (as Stevenson sometimes seems to do) no more than the choice and arrangement of words. Style shows itself not only in the hand but in the brain. It covers everything in the art which may be learnt or acquired—everything, that is to say, with which the writer himself has anything to do. Whether he has the power of origination, the creative gift, or to what extent, is no affair of his; he can only hope for the best. But style is always and everywhere his affair, and it is of thought as much as of word. In other words, more or less distinguished thought is not the same thing as more or less

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profound thought; and, though few of our modern poets may dig very deep, as only a few of their predecessors did, it strikes us that many more of them think with distinction. The names of a dozen living writers could easily be picked out of the book before us whose poetry continually shows fineness of style in this broader sense; there are others who reach it sometimes, and there are more who have plenty of time before them in which to reach it yet. We wonder afresh, as we turn back again to the earlier pages, how the editor can have borne to include so much careless and commonplace writing of the mid-century, and to have given so much more space to the slack and the diffuse and the forgotten than to the genuine talents. We would give many of the pages of Mangan, of Whittier, of Dobell, of O'Shaughnessy for a few more from such people as Beddoes, Frederick Tennyson, R. W. Dixon, or William Cory. It would seem that we must disregard the preface, and take the book, not as a collection of Victorian verse which is also first-rate, but as a mirror held up to Victorian tastes and methods. As such it certainly cannot fail to be interesting, but it must not stand beside the real Oxford Book of English Verse.

"CAN WE STILL BE CHRISTIANS?"

Thought, like science, is not national, but cosmopolitan, and it will be admitted by all who follow the movements of intellectual opinion on the Continent, that one of the most powerful thinkers in Germany at the present moment is Professor Eucken, of the University of Jena. Edition after edition of his works are issued at rapid intervals from the press, a sure proof of the wide and growing

popularity he enjoys among his fellow-countrymen; and the translations of them which appear from time to time in England would seem to show that this popularity is slowly extending to ourselves. In these circumstances, it is interesting to know what a writer of Eucken's intellectual weight and eminence thinks about the religious problem in the modern world. It is true we have an expres-

sion of this opinion in some of his larger and more recondite works; but within the last few months, he has again expressed it in a more popular and concrete form, in a little volume with the title, "Can we still be Christians?" Before venturing upon an answer to this question, Professor Eucken is careful to remind us of the fact that the Christianity of the present and of the future must differ in many respects from the traditional Christianity of the past. When the great creeds of Christendom were formulated, and even when the Confessions of faith of the Reformation and of the counter-Reformation were placed in the hands of believers, the whole Christian Church, whether reformed or unreformed, was dominated by a pre-scientific conception of the world and man. The Christian religion, if it is to live as a great world religion, must abandon this point of view. It must be prepared to quit the ecclesiastical forms in which the substance of the Christian message has from time to time been cast. These forms are only the framework in which the picture of the Christian faith has from time to time been set. They do not constitute the picture itself. The picture has a power and an attractiveness, a spiritual depth and inwardness, which modern civilization, in spite of all its achievements in other domains, cannot create, and which it must have before it to prevent it from sinking into mere outwardness and materialism. It is on this account that Professor Eucken, in the concluding pages of his little book, arrives at the conclusion that we not only can still be Christians, but that we must.

If Dr. Eucken stood alone in his opinion as to the necessity for the maintenance of the religious element in modern life, it would be permissible to say that he was an isolated and negligible phenomenon in the

world of thought. But his views are common to many of the most prominent thinkers in modern Germany. It is true that some of these writers do not take up the same definitely Christian attitude as himself. But all are at one with him in refusing to believe that it is possible to build up a satisfactory conception of the totality of things on the theories and hypotheses which lie at the basis of the natural sciences. This is the line, for example, of Professor Rickert in his remarkable work on "The Science of Culture and the Science of Nature." It is the view of Dr. Windelband in his "Praeludien," it is the view of Professor Simmel in his "Problems of the Philosophy of History." All these writers are absolutely free from theological prepossessions of any kind. But they all believe that the phenomena of consciousness, as exhibited in history, in religion, in ethics, in art, must be taken into consideration in the attempt to frame an adequate and satisfactory view of the world and life. The natural sciences are entitled to play a part, and a prominent part, in the formation of such a view, but the philosophy of nature cannot present us with a satisfactory conception of the scheme of things apart from the philosophy of mind. It is the growing consciousness of this fact which is leading contemporary German thinkers to revise the estimates of the value of religion arrived at by their fathers a generation or two ago.

One of the most striking of these estimates, as those of us who have lived long enough will remember, was the famous book of David Friedrich Strauss, published about forty years ago. Strauss's "Old Faith and the New" was the last product of his brilliant and prolific pen; and a perusal of it at this distance of time shows how far we have travelled since it fell like an exploding shell among

the ranks of old orthodox believers. In the preliminary pages of this "Essay" Strauss asks the question which Eucken has just repeated in very similar terms: Are we still Christians? But he arrives at a very different conclusion. Starting from the principle that the primitive forms of Christianity are the only means by which we can understand its more highly developed forms, Strauss immediately applies this principle to the traditional Christian doctrines of the creation of the world, the fall of man, original sin, the personality of the devil, and a number of other dogmas; and it is quite easy for him to show that the modern world no longer accepts these doctrines in their traditional signification. If the intellectual forms in which Christian believers in other ages have attempted to express the contents of their faith are to be accepted as equivalent to the substance of their religious convictions, then the conclusion which Strauss reaches is inevitable. "If," he says, "we do not wish to resort to subtleties; if we do not wish to fall into subtleties; if we wish to answer Yes or No; if we wish to speak as loyal and sincere men, we must make the admission—We are no longer Christians." Apart from its metaphysics, which is a type of materialistic monism, Strauss's book represents the dominant attitude of intellectual circles towards religion in the last quarter of the nineteenth century. This view was powerfully represented in England by writers such as Huxley, Tyn-dall, and Spencer, and it still prevails among many who have not yet emancipated themselves from the idea that the natural sciences are the only means of attaining a knowledge of the highest and deepest realities. To those, on the other hand, who refuse to be bound down by the presuppositions of the natural sciences to those who, like Eucken, believe in the im-

mense significance of the life of the spirit, the answer of Strauss is a superficial answer. It is an answer which is only possible when the substance of religion is confused with the varying and temporary forms in which religious truth finds expression. Just as life itself exists independently of the definitions of it which we owe to biologists, so does the religious spirit exist independently of the doctrines of the theologian.

If Eucken may be taken as typical of the most modern phase of German intellectual tendencies, Bergson is an equally prominent representative of the mind of modern France. Bergson has sometimes been spoken of as if he advocated a kind of atheistic monism. It is true that he rejects the doctrine which founds itself on the unity of Nature or the unity of knowledge in a God who is merely a principle of immobility—a principle which is, in fact, nothing, since it does nothing. In his published writings he has not so far dealt either with moral or religious problems, and we must be content to wait, perhaps for some time to come, for a full expression of his opinions on these important issues. In the meantime, we are not left without witness of the direction in which his mind is moving. In a letter to a friend, which has just been published in Professor Edouard Le Roy's little volume, "*Une Philosophie Nouvelle*," Bergson says: "The considerations set forth in my 'Essay' on the immediate facts of consciousness are intended to bring to light the fact of liberty: those in 'Matter and Memory' touch upon the reality of spirit: those in 'Creative Evolution' present creation as a fact. From all this there clearly emerges the idea of a God, creator and free; the generator at once of matter and of life, whose creative efforts as regards life are continued through the evolution of species and the constitution of

human personalities." It is manifest from this that Bergson, as well as Eucken, is prepared to adopt a definitely religious conception of the world. Among ourselves Professor James Ward, of Cambridge, equal in intellectual eminence to the most distinguished thinkers on the Continent, in his last important volume on "The Realm of Ends," arrives at very much the same fundamental position. In this deeply thoughtful work he tries to ascertain what we can know or reasonably believe concerning the constitution of the world interpreted throughout and strictly in the terms of mind, and he arrives at the conclusion that the scheme of things points

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to a theism both practically and theoretically rational, which may claim our faith while it transcends our knowledge. Whether we look at Germany, France, or this country, we see that at the present time much that is highest and most illustrious in the thinking world is on the side of religious belief. It is a great change from the state of mind existing thirty years ago. It shows us that it is possible to accept a spiritual interpretation of the world and life, and yet be abreast of all that is best in the thought and action of the modern world; that, in fact, this conception ultimately emerges as the most reasonable and satisfactory of all.

THE ADVENTURER.

Lionel Norwood, from his earliest days, had been marked out for a life of crime. When quite a child he was discovered by his nurse killing flies on the window-pane. This was before the character of the house-fly had become a matter of common talk among scientists, and Lionel (like all great men, a little before his time) had pleaded hygiene in vain. He was smacked hastily and bundled off to a preparatory school, where his aptitude for smuggling sweets would have lost him many a half-holiday had not his services been required at outside-left in the hockey eleven. With some difficulty he managed to pass into Eton, and three years later—with, one would imagine, still more difficulty—managed to get superannuated. At Cambridge he went down-hill rapidly. He would think nothing of smoking a cigar in academical costume, and on at least one occasion he drove a dogcart on Sunday. No wonder that he was requested, early in his second year, to give up his struggle with the Little-go

and betake himself back to London.

London is always glad to welcome such people as Lionel Norwood. In no other city is it so simple for a man of easy conscience to earn a living by his wits. If Lionel ever had any scruples (which, after a perusal of the above account of his early days, it may be permitted one to doubt) they were removed by an accident to his solicitor, who was run over in the Argentine on the very day that he arrived there with what was left of Lionel's money. Reduced suddenly to poverty, Norwood had no choice but to enter upon a life of crime.

Except, perhaps, that he used slightly less hair-oil than most, he seemed just the ordinary man about town as he sat in his dressing-gown one fine summer morning and smoked a cigarette. His rooms were furnished quietly and in the best of taste. No signs of his nefarious profession showed themselves to the casual visitor. The appealing letters from the Princess whom he was blackmailing, the wire appa-

tus which shot the two of spades down his sleeve during the coon-can nights at the club, the thimble and pea with which he had performed the three-card trick so successfully at Epsom last week—all these were hidden away from the common gaze. It was a young gentleman of fashion who lounged in his chair and toyed with a priceless straight-cut.

There was a tap at the door, and Masters, his confidential valet, came in.

"Well," said Lionel, "have you looked through the post?"

"Yes, Sir," said the man. "There's the usual cheque from Her Highness, a request for more time from the lady in Tite Street with twopence to pay on the envelope, and banknotes from the Professor as expected. The young gentleman of Hill Street has gone abroad suddenly, Sir."

"Ah!" said Lionel, with a sudden frown. "I suppose you'd better cross him off our list, Masters."

"Yes, Sir. I had ventured to do so, Sir. I think that's all, except that Mr. Snooks is glad to accept your kind invitation to dinner and bridge to-night. Will you wear the hair-spring coat, Sir, or the metal clip?"

Lionel made no answer. He sat plunged in thought. When he spoke it was about another matter.

"Masters," he said, "I have found out Lord Fairlie's secret at last. I shall go to see him this afternoon."

"Yes, Sir. Will you wear your revolver, Sir, as it's a first call?"

"I think so. If this comes off, Masters, it will make our fortune."

"I hope so, I'm sure, Sir." Masters placed the whisky within reach and left the room silently.

Alone, Lionel picked up his paper and turned to the Agony Column.

As everybody knows, the Agony Column of a daily paper is not actually so domestic as it seems. When "Lionel" apparently says to "Floss,"

"Come home at once. Father gone away for week. Bert and Sid longing to see you," what is really happening is that Barney Hoker is telling Jud Batson to meet him outside the Duke of Westminster's little place at 3 A.M. precisely on Tuesday morning, not forgetting to bring his jemmy and a dark lantern with him. And Floss's announcement next day, "Coming home with George," is Jud's way of saying that he will turn up all right, and half thinks of bringing his automatic pistol with him too, in case of accidents.

In this language—which, of course, takes some little learning—Lionel Norwood had long been an expert. The advertisement which he was now reading was unusually elaborate:

"Lost, in a taxi between Baker Street and Shepherd's Bush, a gold-mounted umbrella with initials 'J. P.' on it. If Ellen will return to her father immediately all will be forgiven. White spot on foreleg. Mother very anxious and desires to return thanks for kind inquiries. Answers to the name of Ponto. *Bis dat qui cito dat.*"

What did it mean? For Lionel it had no secrets. He was reading the revelation by one of his agents of the skeleton in Lord Fairlie's cupboard!

Lord Fairlie was one of the most distinguished members of the Cabinet. His vein of high seriousness, his lofty demeanor, the sincerity of his manner endeared him not only to his own party, but even (astounding as it may seem) to a few high-minded men upon the other side, who admitted, in moments of expansion which they probably regretted afterwards, that he might, after all, be as devoted to his country as they were. For years now his life had been without blemish. It was impossible to believe that even in his youth he could have sown any wild oats; terrible to think that these wild oats might now be coming home to roost.

"What do you require of me?" he said courteously to Lionel, as the latter was shown into his study.

Lionel went to the point at once.

"I am here, my lord," he said, "on business. In the course of my ordinary avocations"—the parliamentary atmosphere seemed to be affecting his language—"I ascertained a certain secret in your past life which, if it were revealed, might conceivably have a not undamaging effect upon your career. For my silence in this matter I must demand a sum of fifty thousand pounds."

Lord Fairlie had grown paler and paler as this speech proceeded.

"What have you discovered?" he whispered. Alas! he knew only too well what the damning answer would be.

"Twenty years ago," said Lionel, "you wrote a humorous book."

Lord Fairlie gave a strangled cry. His keen mind recognized in a flash what a hold this knowledge would give

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enemies. *Shafts of Folly*, his book had been called. Already he saw the leading articles of the future:

"We confess ourselves somewhat at a loss to know whether Lord Fairlie's speech at Plymouth yesterday was intended as a supplement to his earlier work, *Shafts of Folly*, or as a serious offering to a nation impatient of levity in such a crisis. . . ."

"The Cabinet's jester, in whom twenty years ago the country lost an excellent clown without gaining a statesman, was in great form last night. . . ."

"Lord Fairlie has amused us in the past with his clever little parodies; he may amuse us in the future; but as a statesman we can only view him with disgust. . . ."

"Well?" said Lionel at last. "I think your lordship is wise enough to understand. The discovery of a sense of humor in a man of your eminence—"

But Lord Fairlie was already writing out the cheque.

A. A. M.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

"Mary, Mary," by James Stephens, is a book to slake the thirst for Irish literature that the Irish Players left behind them. It isn't written, except for snatches of conversation, in their exuberant brogue; but its cool, stately English is full of the same subtle whimsicalities and gleams of deep emotion. One feels that it keeps back a bubbling stream of blarney only by pulling the gravest and most decorous face it can command. The plot is no thicker than a spider's web; but there is work, and play, and adventure (between one street corner and another), and dreams, and love, and what more could a reader ask? There are bits of philosophy as well, and the bits sometimes become pages, yet they are fitted

in so deftly that they do not diminish for an instant the bewitching pace at which the story moves. It rushes to its climax with the dignified sinuosity of a sky-rocket. And if this climax is only a loud detonation instead of the shower of colored fire we have expected—there is good pyrotechnic precedent, and we have had the trail of shimmering words. Small Maynard & Co.

"The Curtiss Aviation Book," written by Glenn H. Curtiss and Augustus Post, is an up-to-date and extremely interesting record of the progress thus far made in aviation, and a forecast of its future. The larger part of the book is taken up with Mr. Curtiss's own narrative of the way in

which he constructed his machines and the great flights which he made with them—at the Rheims meet, the Los Angeles meet, the Hudson-Fulton celebration, the flight down the Hudson river from Albany to New York, etc. It is a simple and straightforward narrative, entirely free from boastfulness, and giving a vivid and thrilling impression of the joys and perils of flight. In later chapters, Mr. Curtiss indicates his expectations of what the aeroplane will do in the future, and Captain Paul Beck of the army and Lieutenant Theodore Ellyson of the navy contribute chapters on the future of the aeroplane in war. These chapters and the appendices regarding details of construction broaden the book and add to its value; but to the average reader it will be the chapters of personal experience which will make the chief appeal. The book is fully illustrated from photographs. Frederick A. Stokes Co., Publishers.

Invited last year to deliver a lecture on Immortality at Harvard on the Ingersoll Foundation, Professor George H. Palmer departed from the practice of his predecessors in the group of noteworthy lecturers upon that theme by substituting for a discussion of the reasons for believing or not believing in personal immortality a consideration of "Intimations of Immortality in the Sonnets of Shakespeare." The result is a literary study of far more than ordinary interest which cannot fail to delight the wider circle which Professor Palmer's lecture will reach in the little volume in which it is published by the Houghton Mifflin Company. The sonnets of Shakespeare have long been one of the puzzles of literature,—who their subject was, what the link which binds them together, what the poet's thought in writing them, and to what extent, if at all, they are autobiographic, these are questions regarding which critics have differed widely. Professor Pal-

mer has long been under the spell of the sonnets, and in his early manhood committed to memory no less than eighty of them. Making them now the subject of this new study he approaches them with the insight resulting from long familiarity; and even if his readers share Professor Palmer's misgiving that he may be reading a meaning into the sonnets which Shakespeare did not intend they will find the lecture interesting both from the literary and the religious point of view.

If the destiny of the Balkans had, for even the briefest moment, lain in the hands of Anthony Hope, or Sidney Grier, or any of their clever followers, where now would be the European question, the Eastern question, and alliances triple or quadruple, and ententes, cordial, or otherwise? To question thus after reading Mr. Percy Brebner's "The Little Gray Shoe" is an almost irresistible temptation, so rapidly and cleverly does he manœuvre his princes and potentates, so convincingly does he show them as hardly more scrupulous in their large affairs than John Smith or Thomas Jones in the trifling matters occupying the attention of the most insignificant neighborhood. He gives himself the great advantage of leaving the reader in doubt as to the actual political value of his personages, so that, until the perusal of the last chapter, one cannot be sure that prince and pauper, monk and man-servant may not change places; and he bestows upon all of them the most delightfully labyrinthine castles and the most tangled woods wherein to disport themselves, and all of them play their parts boldly. If the reader does not forget his mosaic every day affairs while he reads, so much the worse for him. He should read the chronicle of the Goodchild family, or some such improving tale. Little, Brown, & Co.